No. 255 / MAY 1994

THE NI
NEW INTERNATIONALIST

Northern Ireland

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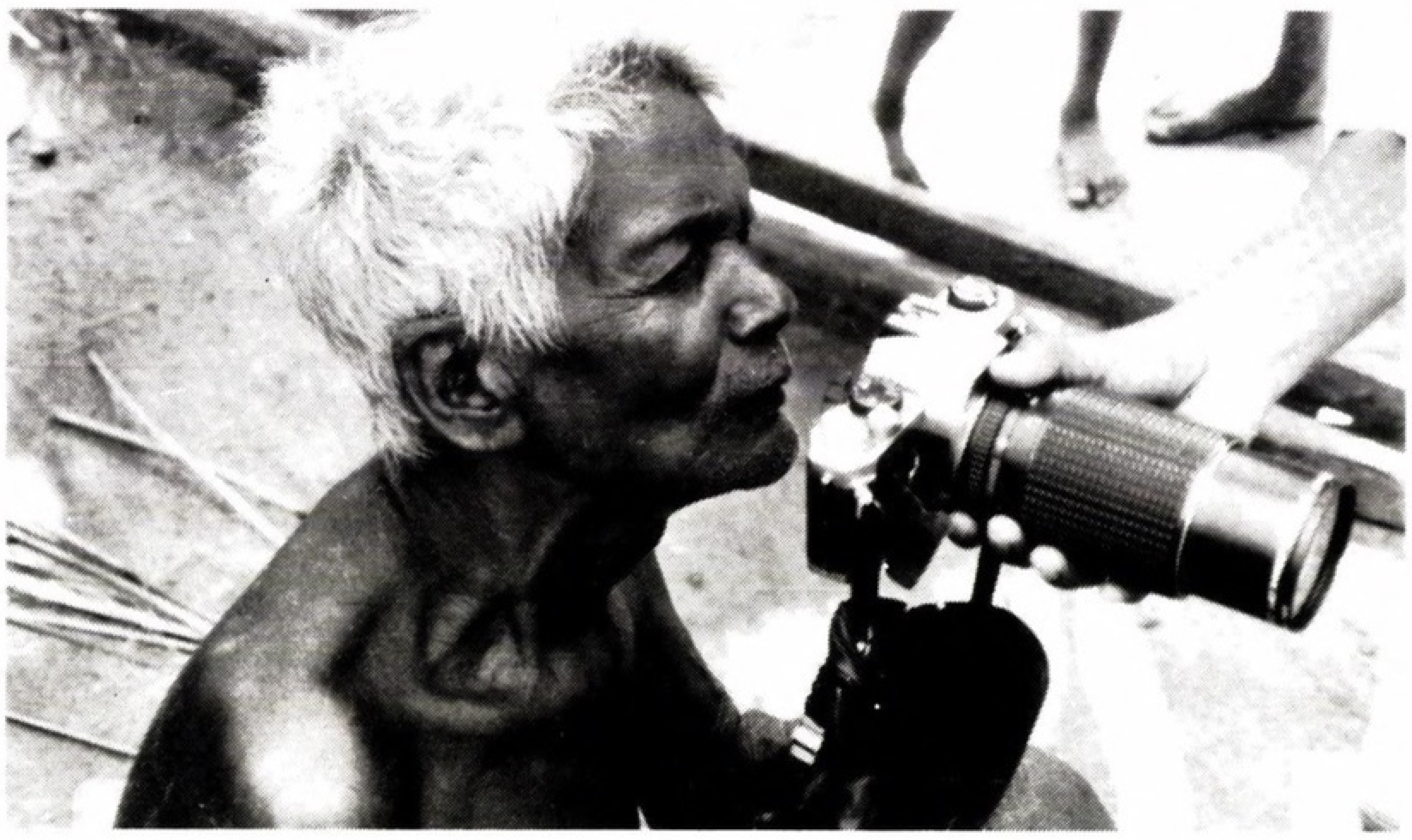

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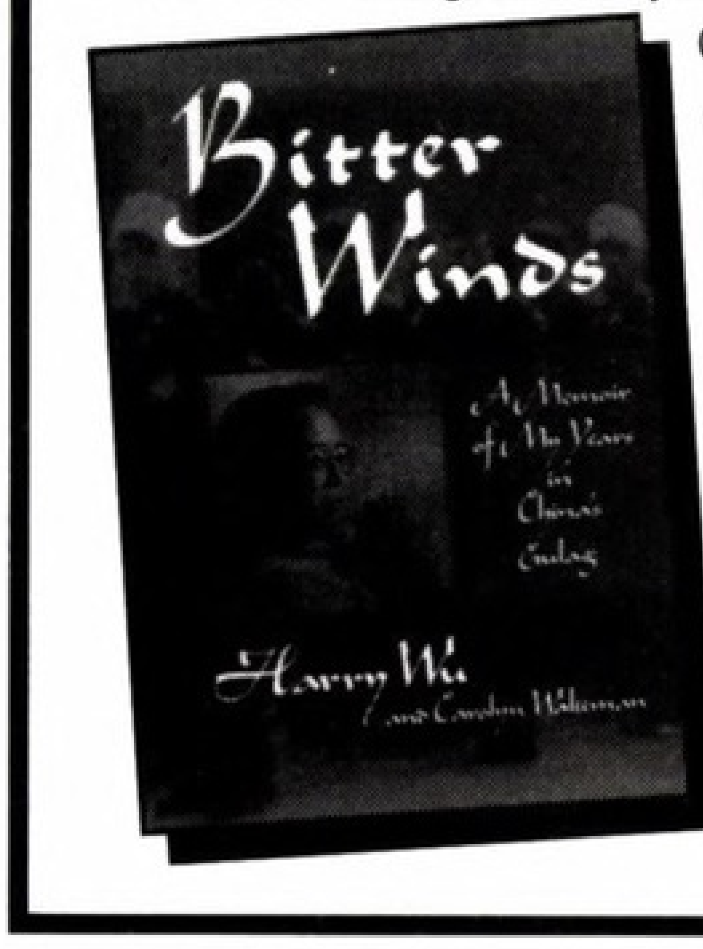

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The **New Internationalist** magazine is published by New Internationalist Publications Ltd which is wholly owned by the New Internationalist Trust and co-operatively run by: *Vanessa Baird, Chris Brazier, Wayne Ellwood, Nikki van der Gaag, Alan Hughes, Jana Mahalingam, Guy Montgomery, Gill Moore, Clive Offley, David Ransom, James Rowland, Richard Swift, Dexter Tiranti, Jim Turner, Alison Ware, Troth Wells.* The **New Internationalist** magazine was founded by Peter and Lesley Adamson in 1970.

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UK: 55 Rectory Road, Oxford OX4 1BW. Tel. (0865) 728181. Fax. (0865) 793152. [Advertising: Tel. (0384) 373421. Fax. (0384) 441904]

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Australia: 7 Hutt Street, Adelaide, S.A. 5000. Tel. (08) 2321563

MAILINGS

Occasionally we allow organizations to mail our subscribers. If you do not wish to receive their material please write to your subscription office.

The **NI** is printed by Cradley Print Ltd, Warley, West Midlands, UK.

The **NI** is distributed to the UK news trade by COMAG Specialist Division, Mercury Centre, Central Way, Feltham, Middlesex TW14 0RX. Tel. (081) 844 1000. Fax. (081) 751 2666.

The **NI** in North America (USPS 329-770) is published monthly by **New Internationalist Publications**, 1011 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6H 1M1. Marketing Services: Ian McKelvie, Box 506, Osgoode, Ontario KOA 2WO. Tel: (613) 826-1003. Fax: (613) 826-1141. US 2nd class postage paid at Lewiston, NY. US Post-master send address changes to: The **NI**, P O Box 1143, Lewiston, NY 14092. US Office of Publication, Lewiston, NY 14092. Indexed in the Canadian Periodical Index, CPI CD-ROM, CPI Online, the Canadian Magazine Index, CBCA Online, CBCA OnDisc and the Alternative Press Index.

Syndication/Permissions: Sonja Singleton, Cover Stories, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1,UK.Tel: 071 278 2332. Fax: 071 837 1192.

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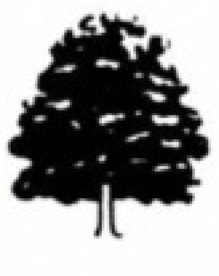

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FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHS: (TOP) RIOTS IN BELFAST 1989, **ROB LOWE/NETWORK**, (BOTTOM) ; SCHOOLCHILDREN IN DERRY 1991, **ELI REED/MAGNUM.**
MAGAZINE DESIGNED BY **ALAN HUGHES.**

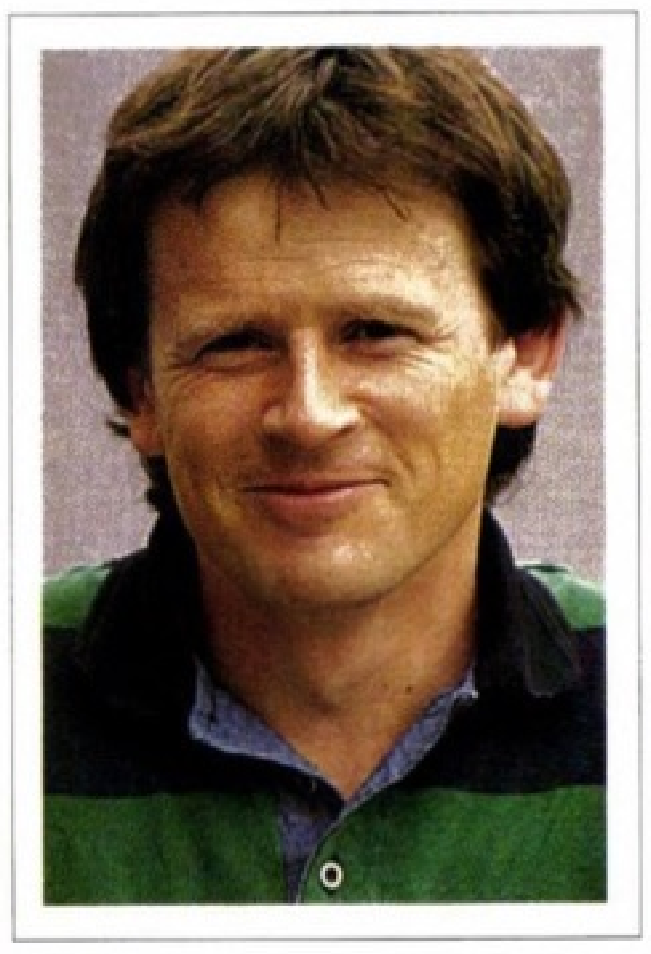
THIS MONTH'S **THEME**

Northern Ireland

FROM THIS MONTH'S **EDITOR**

I HEARD a story when I was last in Northern Ireland which might have been designed to strike trepidation into my heart. The Bishop of Derry has in his archives three letters written to him by the novelist Graham Greene in the early 1970s. The first sought an interview, saying he'd been commissioned to write a long piece about 'The Troubles'. The second thanked the Bishop for the interview and promised to send a copy of the article. And the third was an apology – Greene had abandoned his piece because he found the Northern Ireland question quite impossible to disentangle.

I gather that the **New Internationalist** once made a similar abortive attempt to mount an issue on Northern Ireland back in the 1970s. Even in the last five years this issue has had quite a chequered history, seeming to fall off the end of each year's magazine schedule – always through coincidence rather than conspiracy, but leading me seriously to wonder if it were ever going to see the light of day. Even now this issue has avoided another postponement only because I decided to go ahead and edit it from Toronto (I am working for a year in the **NI**'s North American office).



My location is ironic given that the **NI**'s Canadian editors have tended over the years to oppose a special issue on Northern Ireland. They have argued that it would be seen as Anglocentric and that most North American subscribers would prefer us to concentrate on conflict in the Third World.

I understand a little more where they're coming from now – Northern Ireland is seldom reported on here in Canada and this could not seem like quite such a vital issue as it does in Britain. I have had to resort to a transatlantic traffic in press cuttings as well as to innumerable conversations with people acting as my eyes and ears on the ground (our last phone bill hit the sky).

But I'm still convinced that the **NI** has a special responsibility to address a major conflict which is taking place on its own doorstep. Before I started my research I'm afraid I could have cited myself as proof that British people need to have Northern Ireland explained to them just as much as do Americans or Australians.

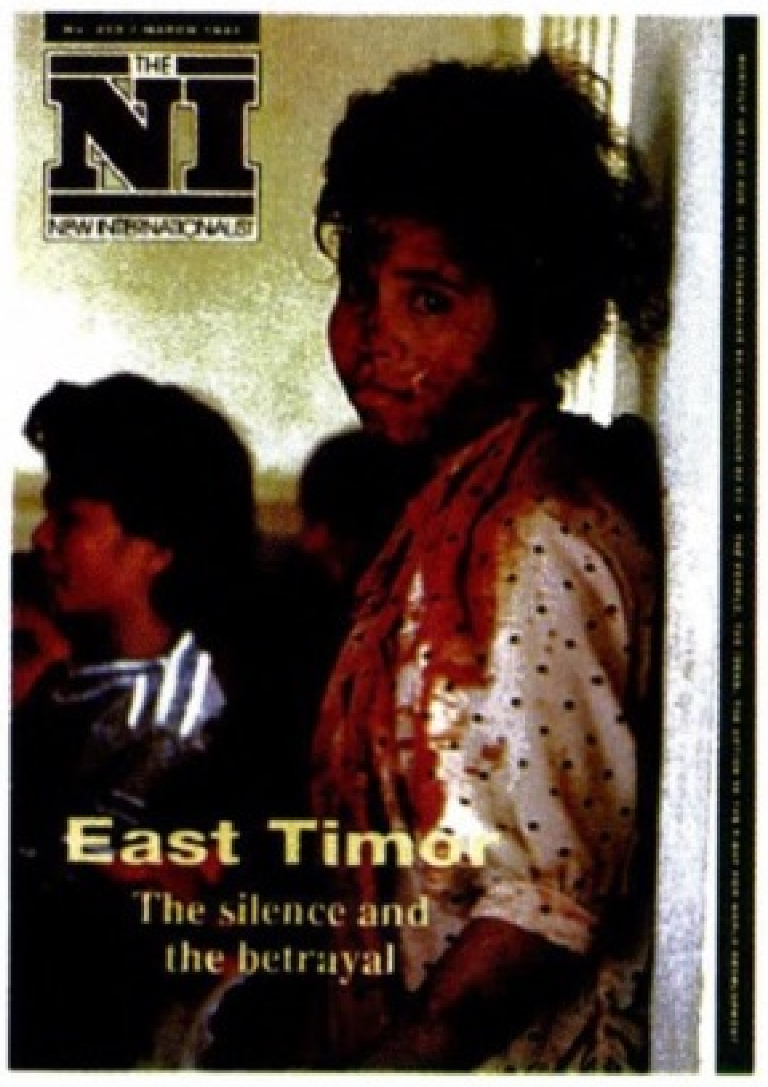
But at least I finished the magazine. Perhaps I had more signs of hope and movement to encourage me along the way than Graham Greene did. In the end this long-postponed, much-mooted issue could not be coming out at a better time.

Chris Brazier

Chris Brazier
for the New Internationalist Co-operative

From Timor to Kashmir

I commend you for addressing the plight of the victims in *East Timor* (**NI 253**); hopefully this problem may receive more attention from governments and international organizations.



However, I must remind you that a similar atrocity is being committed by the Indian Army in the occupied valley of Kashmir. Numerous women have been raped, and innocent civilians tortured.

The Indian Government has defied all attempts by humanitarian agencies to visit the area and foreign journalists are barred.

I think you should address this problem very soon.

Najam Mahmud
Kent, UK

Going with the trend

I was very pleased to see your issue on *East Timor* (**NI 253**), edited by John Pilger. I am concerned, however, that people appear to be in need of 'father figures' such as Pilger to be told where the campaigning trend goes. When in 1990 I approached you and asked why you failed to report more extensively on East Timor and West Papua, and why you distributed (and still do!) maps of the world showing East Timor (as well as West Papua) 'integrated' – to use the term coined by the Indonesian aggressors – with Indonesia, you wrote back saying that you could not do differently. You did not publish my criticism.

I am glad that the plight of the East Timorese has now become your concern. The question that worries me is: what will happen to the East Timorese when another issue is trendy?

Hubert Gieschen
London, UK

Editor: while this is the first time that we have devoted a whole issue on East Timor, we have covered the subject fairly regularly over the years.

VIV QUILLIN

The **New Internationalist** welcomes your letters. But please keep them short. They may be edited for purposes of space or clarity. Include a home telephone number if possible and send your letters to the nearest editorial office. The address is inside the front cover.

Correct addresses

Your issue on *Prostitution* (**NI 252**) is marvellous. I particularly loved the editorial, Nickie Roberts's piece, and Maggie Black's piece; the first rational writing on adolescent prostitution I've read.

Unfortunately, some of the addresses are out-of-date. Could you please print the correct addresses in your next issue?

The Australian Prostitutes' Collective is now the Scarlet Alliance, Ground Floor, 247-251 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, Victoria 3000, Australia. EMPOWER is now at 57/60 Tivanont Road, Nonthburi 11000, Thailand. The ICPR can be contacted c/o De Rode Draad, Postbus 16422, 1001 RM Amsterdam, The Netherlands. COYOTE is now at 2269 Chestnut Street, #452, San Francisco, CA 941123.

Priscilla Alexander
New York, US

Matriarchy rules?

I have some reservations about Nickie Roberts's view in her article in the issue on *Prostitution* (**NI 252**). I would question the implication of her article that, because matriarchy preceded patriarchy, it is therefore inherently superior. The main objection to patriarchy lies in the abuse of power by men against women. But abuse of power occurs wherever power is distributed unequally, as any minority group can testify. A matriarchy will thus be distinguished only by the forms which abuse of power takes within it.

Surely the prime objective for both men and women today is to promote relationships of equal power – not to replace one form of domination by another?

Nick Eades
Macclesfield, UK

Green problem

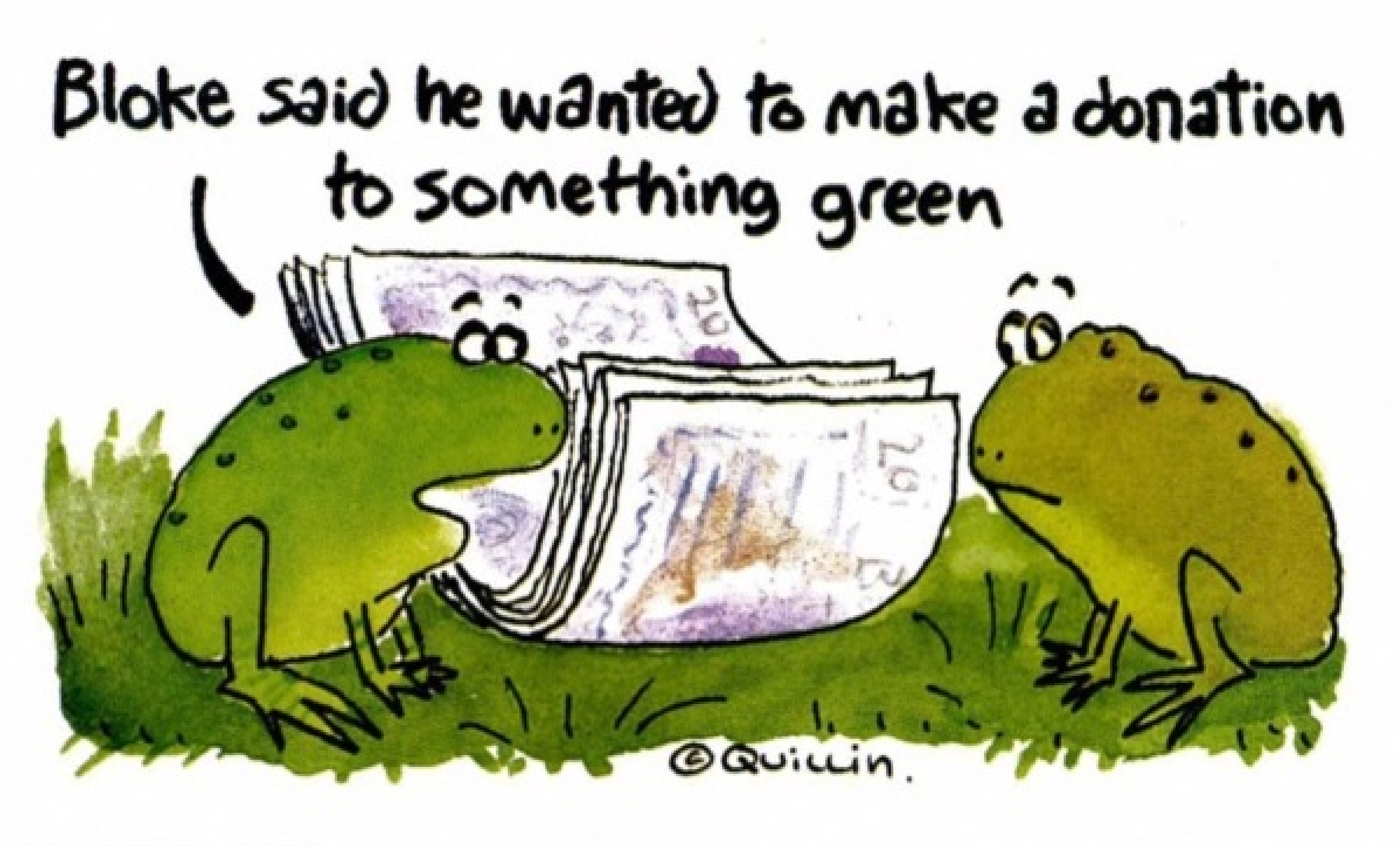
Teeare Scarrott's article in praise of a frugal lifestyle (**NI 251**) reminded me of a problem that has perplexed me for some time. Consider the following:

I insulate my house and thereby save on heating costs. How can I best spend that money so as to cause the least damage to the environment and use the minimum of non-renewable resources?

Obviously I should not spend it on a holiday. The air flight alone would probably use as much fuel as had been saved by insulating the house. I could burn it. I could donate it to a 'green cause'. I could buy something else – but whatever it was would also use up the earth's resources in one way or another.

It would be helpful to have some method of assessing just what impact in terms of resource depletion and environmental degradation any course of action would have. Is there any academic discipline concerned with environmental accounting? If so, where are the results of its research published?

Peter Waterson
Glasgow, Scotland, UK


Bloke said he wanted to make a donation to something green
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The good, the bad and the prostitute

Your issue on *Prostitution* (**NI 252**) was thought-provoking. I was disappointed that there was no article on considering the moral teaching of Christianity and comparative religions. It is my perception that promiscuity and prostitution lead to an increase in the fragmentation of individuals as they give up something of themselves at each sexual liaison, as well as an increase in egocentric behaviour as the primary purpose of sexual activity becomes self-gratification rather than generating pleasure for the other person.

Keith Woollgar
Hoddesdon, UK

Appreciating differences

I am an avid reader of the **NI** because of the often non-Western viewpoints expressed in your articles, so I was disappointed with two recent examples of Western ethnocentric writing. In your issue on *Mexico* (**NI 251**), there is a photograph of Mexico City where the caption refers to its pollution. On closer inspection it is apparent that it was raining at the time the photo was taken, thus making it grey and gloomy. There is no mention of rain in the caption. It is widely known that Mexico City has a severe pollution problem, but let's not falsify reality to express that view.

The second example is the ethnocentricity in 'Letter from Lagos' (**NI 252**). We may think that the tradition of mourning in village life in Nigeria is different or even a bit extreme, but I am sure that there are many village women who do not. To say that Josie was 'luckier' than most Nigerian widows is going a bit too far in expressing a Western viewpoint; perhaps there are many Nigerian widows who find comfort in expressing the loss of their husbands through traditional methods.

Surely in this beautifully-varied world we should learn to appreciate the differences among our cultures rather than ridicule them and try to bring them in line with our own?

James A St John
Malvern, Victoria, Australia

No cheating

I must take exception to a comment in Sue Branford's otherwise excellent article 'Sex, lies and a certain virus' (**NI 250**). She states that Brazilian people participating in sexual relationships outside marriage must 'abstain from unsafe sex...or take precautions'. This statement implies that, providing correct self-protection measures are employed, cheating on one's marriage partner is condoned – in the name of 'freedom of choice', I suppose.

Precautions or no precautions, any form of sexual relation outside a loving, committed relationship is nothing short of a cheap orgasm. The hurt and breach of trust it inflicts on the faithful partner are deplorable enough even without the frightening threat of AIDS.

Murray Shearer
Aotearoa/New Zealand

Is anyone out ...?

I applaud your wonderful world-embracing magazine. But none of my friends/colleagues subscribe, and the few attempts that I have made to share its insights have not flowered. Perhaps other readers, who think this also, would consider communicating with me with a view to maybe meeting, phoning or writing once in a while? Is there anyone out...?

Sid Hindmarsh
9 Croft Close, Wolvey, Nr Hinckley,
Leicestershire LE10 3LE, UK

The views expressed on the letters page are not necessarily those of the NI.

Letter from Lagos

Blood money

However serious your wound or illness, the road to recovery in Lagos is long and expensive, as **Elizabeth Obadina** found to her cost when the nightwatchman was attacked in her compound.

It was three in the morning when the doorbell rang and rang with frantic urgency. There was the sound of a commotion in the compound and my husband and I woke up, scared stiff. 'Armed robbers.' The thought passed silently between us and fear rose from our stomachs to gag in our throats.

Whoever was ringing the doorbell couldn't be seen from the window. 'Come to the back door', we shouted, and breathed a sigh of relief to see Amina, the young and very pregnant wife of the nightwatchman. She was wielding a bloody cutlass.

'Thieves murdered my husband,' she wailed. Still feeling sick at heart, we unbolted the back door to face whatever was there, armed only with another cutlass and a golfing umbrella. We tried phoning the police but the line rang and was cut off with each attempt. In any case we had found out once before that the police only come when you go and fetch them and pay them something for their trouble.

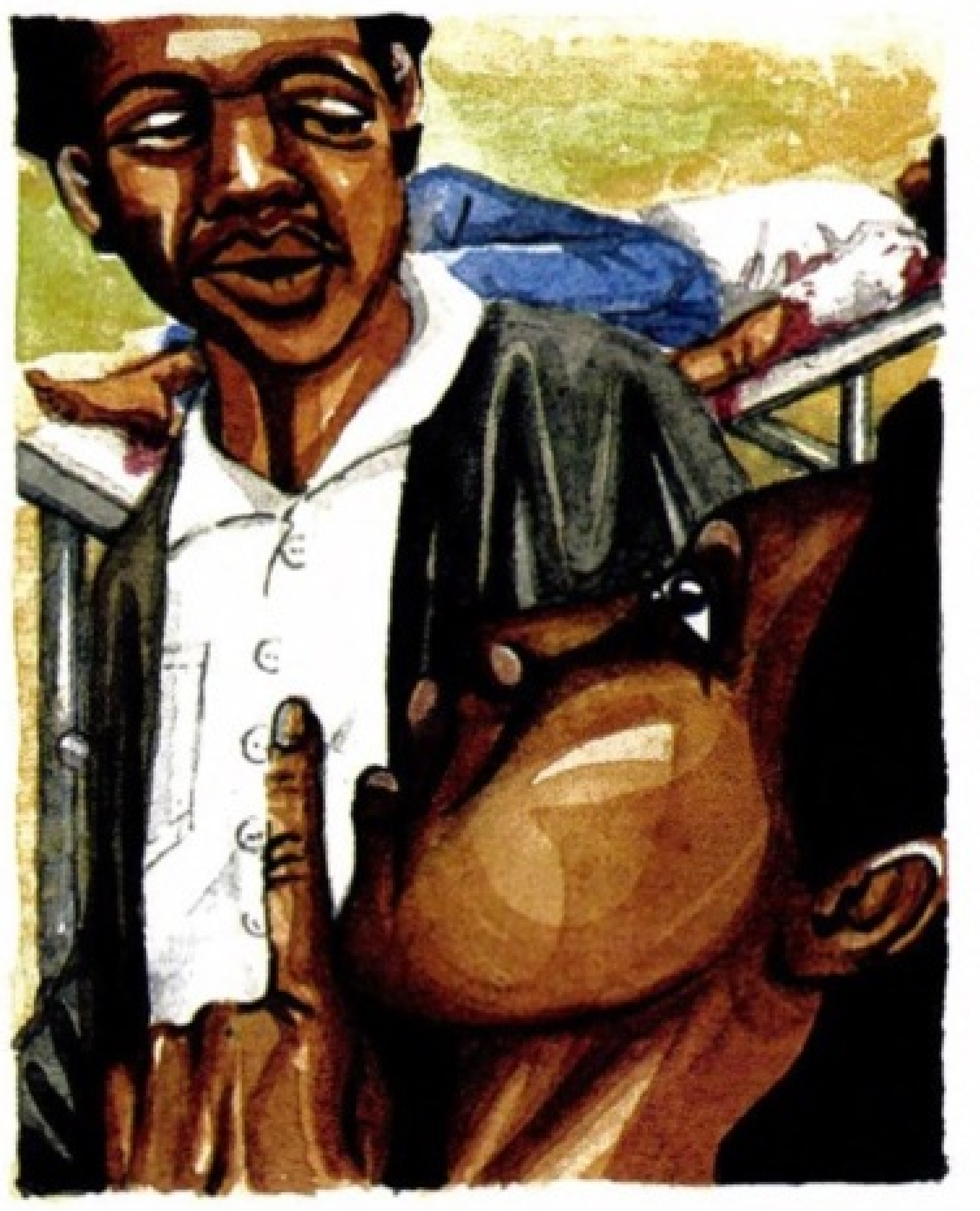

ILLUSTRATION: MIRIAM McCURDY

Our relief upon seeing the 'murdered' man stagger around the corner drenched in blood was profound. He thrust his head under the garden tap to wash away the blood but this was no scratch on the head. I had no idea how high blood could spurt until I tried to staunch the wound on Zachariah's skull. Towel after towel was pressed down on the wound. But the bleeding wouldn't stop and it became obvious that he would bleed to death if we waited for morning.

Collecting all the money we could lay hands on, my husband and I set off with Zachariah and Amina to seek help. We made one last nervous patrol of the compound to check that the thieves had gone and found trails of blood over plants and paths. Amina had certainly left her mark with the cutlass. Slightly reassured I bolted myself into the house and waited. Not once did my three children stir from their sleep.

As dawn broke Tunde, my husband, returned. It had been a long night. The night watches of the private hospitals had refused to open their gates to a 'police case'. The doctors in the public hospital were sympathetic but had no tools to work with.

Leaving Amina with money to register Zachariah as a casualty patient, Tunde had embarked on a search for all-night pharmacies. He had to buy cotton wool, surgical tape, bandages, suture thread, surgical sewing needles, syringes, paracetamol, disinfectant, surgical spirit, iodine, blood plasma, intravenous drip solutions, needles and tubes. Only the anti-tetanus vaccines and antibiotics could be bought from the hospital pharmacy but first he had to find the cashier to issue an official receipt to exchange for the drugs. The cashier was asleep somewhere. The pharmacist wouldn't issue the drugs without the receipt and in casualty Zachariah was lying on a bench bleeding to death.

But he didn't die. Tunde got what he could from pharmacies open at that ungodly hour of the morning. What he couldn't find the doctor fetched from his personal supplies at home, kept for 'real emergencies'. Zachariah was sewn up without a local anaesthetic and Tunde was sent back to the slumbering cashier to pay for a week's admission to hospital. He then went next door to the police headquarters to report the incident.

In the morning I took my turn on the hospital shift. Linen had to be taken in to cover the filthy plastic mattresses upon which patients lay. X-rays had to be purchased from the radiography department. Blood tests had to be bought from the private labs clustered around the hospital gates. Zachariah needed blood. I set off to buy some from the AIDS-infested blood banks which feed from the people passing through the neighbourhood bus- and car-parks. I was told to come back later. Was the blood really necessary? I pleaded with the doctor – still the same man who had been on duty throughout the day and the night before. Well maybe Zachariah could manage, just. He was young and strong and yes, the blood might leave him with more problems than he had now.

As I left casualty a formidable Sister and hospital security staff were in hot dispute with a taxi-driver who had brought in an unconscious and bleeding road-traffic victim. The boy was left on the hospital trolley to roast in the car park under a blazing mid-morning sun. His penniless friend pleaded with staff to release the taxi-driver, who had only acted as a good Samaritan. They were implacable. The taxi wasn't moving until the driver paid for the boy's treatment.

I left, amazed that the world monetary authorities could still be demanding cuts in public service spending from a government which has all-but-abandoned any pretence of providing public services. ■

Elizabeth Obadina is a freelance journalist living and working in Lagos.

The fire and the future

PAUL LOWE / NETWORK

The old certainties about Northern Ireland have been shaken up over the last year. ***Chris Brazier*** *looks for signs of change in the least promising places.*

THE armoured car approached. Two helmeted soldiers leaned out of its turret, each scanning opposite sides of the street through the sights of his machine gun. As they passed, for a split second my eyes met those of the soldier facing me and his gun was trained at my heart.

Melodramatic? Since the armoured car simply went on its way down the Belfast street and around the corner I suppose it is. But I am not in the habit of having machine guns pointed at me as I walk down the road, least of all in what is supposed to be part of my own country. I found it an alarming experience. More alarming still is how routine this has become in Belfast. Another armoured car followed the first five minutes later. Up the road by the pharmacist there was a further soldier with a machine gun, not guarding anything in particular. Round the corner there was a checkpoint stopping cars, part of a 'Ring of Steel' around the city centre. And so on and so on.

Despite all I've read and viewed over the years about Northern Ireland, I was still profoundly shocked by the extent of the military presence on the streets of Belfast – it was more intrusive than anything I have seen in the Third World, South Africa included. It made me feel that everyone in Britain should make a point of visiting Belfast just to witness it. After all, this army is operating in their name.

The encounter with the armoured car was more or less my first experience in Northern Ireland. My last was with a young woman who agreed to tell me about her first experience of Castlereagh Interrogation Centre – in which people are held for up to seven days without charge under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. Like the Army on the streets, her story was all the more chilling because it was all part of the normal Castlereagh routine. From the verbal sexual abuse poured on her by male officers to the various psychological techniques by which people are broken down, nothing out of the ordinary happened to her. Interrogations can only last two hours so detainees are then taken back to their cell – but only for ten minutes before another two-hour session, on and on with different shifts of interrogators for 10- or 12-hour spells.

One interrogation focussed on the Amnesty International publication found in her house as if that in itself helped prove that she was an IRA member. I realized more clearly than I had before that in Northern Ireland any kind of radical activity is suspect – a poster expressing solidarity with Cuba, a Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament badge, a copy of *New Internationalist* – all would be seen as grounds for suspicion of republican sympathies. I began to wonder if I had done the

JAMES NACHTWEY / MAGNUM

A snowball's chance in hell? People feel powerless in the face of the Northern Ireland conflict. But a political settlement has never seemed closer.

right thing in attending a demonstration against a security-forces watchtower in full view of its cameras – which of course is part of the function of those cameras and that watchtower.

Experiences like these helped me shake off the effects of the anaesthetic which mutes most British people's responses to The Troubles in Northern Ireland. Throughout my adult life I have been hearing almost daily news of murders and bombings. And my response has, I think, been typical of most British people – unable to bear another relative's televised grief, unable to stomach another politician's litany of outrage, I have switched off. On some level I have waited for the Northern Ireland section of the news to pass and a more interesting item to arrive.

I think I have been educated to switch off. Through the drip, drip, drip of thousands of news items, features and outraged editorials over the years I have imbibed the following picture of Northern Ireland: that it is a never-ending and insoluble problem; that its society is composed of two warring tribes, equal and opposite in their bigotry; that the IRA are terrorist gangsters, animalistic murderers without a political idea in their heads.

If this is the framework into which we fit each day's news of an off-duty police officer killed or a terrorist detained then it is small wonder we end up feeling there is nothing we can do about it.

There is plenty of bigotry and prejudice in Northern Ireland and this certainly spills over into sectarian violence. But the conflict there has political roots and will have political solutions. Dividing any people who we do not see as 'one of us' into 'tribes' is a reflex that we British have as a legacy of our colonial history. The *New Internationalist* has pointed out many times how unhelpful and unjustifiable it is to see Africans as a collection of tribes itching to be at each other's throats. The same applies to Ireland which, as Bill Rolston points out on Page 20, was where Britain developed many of the techniques and attitudes it was later to apply to its African colonies anyway.

We are not encouraged to take account of this colonial relationship between Britain and Ireland when we consider current events – yet Northern Ireland only exists because the process of decolonization was not completed. In a way Ireland suffered because it was the first of Britain's colonies to fight its way to independence. Just after the First World War, Britain's politicians still had an empire intact and no precedents to follow. A few decades later they would have been able to refer to the United Nations' Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples, Article 6 of which states: 'Any attempt aimed at the partial or total disruption of the national unity and the territorial integrity of a country is incompatible with the purposes and principles of the Charter of the United Nations'.

In 1920, however, unequipped with this guidance and faced with the threat of military resistance by Protestants in the north-east (which happened also to be then the richest and most industrially developed part of Ireland), the British Government drew a border that would guarantee the Protestants a majority in their own statelet and relinquished the rest of the island. It was a recipe for disaster, about as sensible as it would be for whites in South Africa now to carve out a state for themselves in the Transvaal and secede from the new black-ruled nation.

To say the roots of Northern Ireland's problems lie in inadequate decolonization is not, of course, the same as saying

ULSTERS NOT FOR SALE.

C. PILLITZ / NETWORK

The writing is on the wall – but Protestants cannot go on living their lives by a permanent negative.

London should now simply hand over the province to Dublin. Ireland has been divided for more than a lifetime now and very few of its inhabitants are able to remember living under any other arrangement. At the very least Britain has a responsibility to unionists to ensure that their interests are looked after in any future settlement.

Such a settlement seems much closer now than it did a year ago largely because of the talks and eventual agreement between SDLP leader John Hume and Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams. Hume is close to the Irish Government, which in turn worked to reach agreement with the British. The fruit of this furious diplomacy emerged on 16 December last year in the form of the Downing Street Declaration.

This document was remarkable on a number of counts: for its clear statement that the British Government now has 'no selfish, strategic or economic interest in Northern Ireland'; for its acceptance that 'it is for the people of the island of Ireland alone, by agreement between the two parts respectively, to exercise their right of self-determination... to bring about a united Ireland, if that is their wish'; and for its offer of a place at the negotiating table to Sinn Fein, provided that the IRA had called a halt to its military campaign.

It is now clear that the Declaration alone will not induce the IRA to lay down its arms (see the interview with Martin McGuinness on Page 14). The problem for them is the Declaration's assertion that there will be no change in the constitutional status of Northern Ireland until a democratic majority there votes for it – which gives the unionist community an effective veto.

Democracy in relation to Northern Ireland is a funny old thing. Most British politicians believe the democratic will of the majority within Northern Ireland should be paramount. Republicans believe the democratic will of the majority within the whole island of Ireland should be what counts. Both arguments are valid in their way. And what about the democratic rights of the British people? Opinion polls in Britain regularly indicate that there is minimal public support for Northern Ireland remaining part of the UK (only 18 per cent in one recent poll).[1]

Lack of public support for staying in Northern Ireland is one reason why Britain seems to have begun a slow but sure process of disengagement. International disapproval of its human-rights record there is another. Then there are matters monetary and military. At the time of Partition Northern Ireland was a thriving economic concern which paid its way within the UK; it also covered Britain's flank in an unstable Europe. But now Northern Ireland has become a vast drain on the British economy ($4.8 billion in 1992-3), the Cold War is over, and Irish terrorism is having an increasingly destructive effect on British life.

Most people I met on my recent visit to Northern Ireland believed that the British had started to pull back from their open-ended guarantee of the loyalist position. Nationalists obviously welcomed the sense of movement. But I was keener this time on sounding out loyalist opinion.

I started with Gregory Campbell, rising star in Ian Paisley's DUP. 'Yes, I feel betrayed by the British Government though I don't feel any less British for that. I just think when the IRA read the Downing Street Declaration they must have thought "we've got these guys on the run!" The IRA are always looking for signs of weakness – and they haven't got far to look because the British Government is riddled with weakness.' His solution? 'You fight fire with fire and strike fear into the heart of the IRA – that's the way to beat them.' He cites with approval the Loughgall incident in 1987 where soliders ambushed an IRA attack on a police-station killing eight IRA members and one innocent civilian were killed. 'I'd say 15 or 20 Loughgalls and the violence is over.'

Not much sign of movement there. Campbell has plenty of access to the media; in contrast I spent a fascinating evening in a room on Belfast's Shankill Road being bombarded by the views of a group of men unused to being consulted. The sense of betrayal which has always been part of the loyalist psyche loomed large in the room. 'Britain has used this country – we're just an embarrassment now,' one of them said bitterly. There was general agreement that whereas they had been brought up to support the British Crown it was no longer important to them. 'We're questioning what we're loyal to now,' explained one.

They certainly did not feel loyal to either of the unionist parties, who had 'utterly failed to represent the interests of the Protestant working class'. 'British troops could go tomorrow and it wouldn't make any difference to us,' said one. 'British troops are here to protect people's economic interests and we don't have any.'

A lot of their notions seemed new to me, though there was one man present who kept returning to an old theme – the 'bloodbath scenario' chillingly dressed up in post-Bosnian new clothes. 'If the British become "the persuaders" [a nationalist phrase] of the loyalist community at the wrong time then you're going to see "ethnic cleansing" here.'

I raised this point with Sinn Fein's Martin McGuinness when I met him a few days later. 'The bloodbath scenario can be overplayed,' he said. 'Don't be fooled by the threats and the bluster of the military Paisleyites because we've been listening to this for 25 years. I'm not saying there wouldn't be atrocities – we have those now. But their military capability if the British Government refuses to let them have their way would be minimal. Besides, if the British confirm that they are disengaging it is going to provoke a debate in the loyalist community about the future. What would they be fighting for? To retain a link with Britain that Britain doesn't want?'

I detected signs that this debate within the loyalist community is already beginning and in a way this is the most hopeful thing I encountered in Northern Ireland. For example, one of those Shankill loyalists said when I met him on his own later: 'For me the approach of Protestants should be to ask Catholics what kind of safeguards they want as a minority. One day we may be a minority and we'll need those safeguards too.'

The loyalist community in Northern Ireland is trapped in a position where it feels permanently insecure and embattled; its membership of the UK the only political question of any consequence, the only safeguard that matters. As you walk over the bridge towards the old city of Derry you see a rooftop in the Fountain, the one remaining Protestant district within the old walls, emblazoned with the message 'Ulster Says No'.

Loyalists cannot go on living their lives by a permanent negative – they need to negotiate their own future with Britain and Ireland rather than hoping the problem will go away if they say no long enough and with sufficient fury. For all its own unionist traditions, the British Conservative Government knows full well that the status quo cannot hold for ever – which is why it negotiated the Anglo-Irish Agreement and the Downing Street Declaration over loyalists' heads.

On the other side even the IRA is no longer insisting on a united Ireland. All kinds of possibilities could open up if unionists only allowed themselves to look forwards instead of backwards. The seven constitutional options which follow on the next two pages are by no means exhaustive. Why should not all inhabitants of Northern Ireland have dual nationality, for example? Or might not some kind of agreed all-Ireland state come about on condition that it became part of the British Commonwealth in deference to unionist wishes? The key thing is for Protestant people to participate creatively in devising their future instead of boxing themselves into a rather shabby and unpleasant corner of a British Empire which no longer exists.

ELI REED / MAGNUM

Light in their eyes: facing a future where 'humanity must transcend nationality or identity'.

Some of them have already started. I first met Brian last July when he gave me a tour of his own working-class area of Derry. He mentioned his hopes for integrated education. But he told me that he voted for Ian Paisley's DUP. And he also rather shocked me by the reverence in which he held the monarchy – I doubt that I've ever heard an English person talk about the monarchy as an institution in such a way.

I met him again a week ago and was stunned this time by how much he had changed in a matter of months. I didn't ask him about the Queen but he has decided he will never again vote DUP. 'I thought by voting that way I was acknowledging and exorcising the last flame of hatred in my heart. But I realize now it was keeping that flame alive.' He will now vote Ulster Unionist but has taken as his watchword John Hume's statement that 'Humanity must transcend nationality or identity'. Brian feels clear now that 'Protestant people must be willing to expose themselves to political change'.

Best of all, he told me he'd been chatting to his local Presbyterian minister about how they would cope in a united Ireland. 'Think of it, I said to the minister, as an opportunity to have a real go at the power of the Catholic Church in Ireland. And his eyes lit up.' ■

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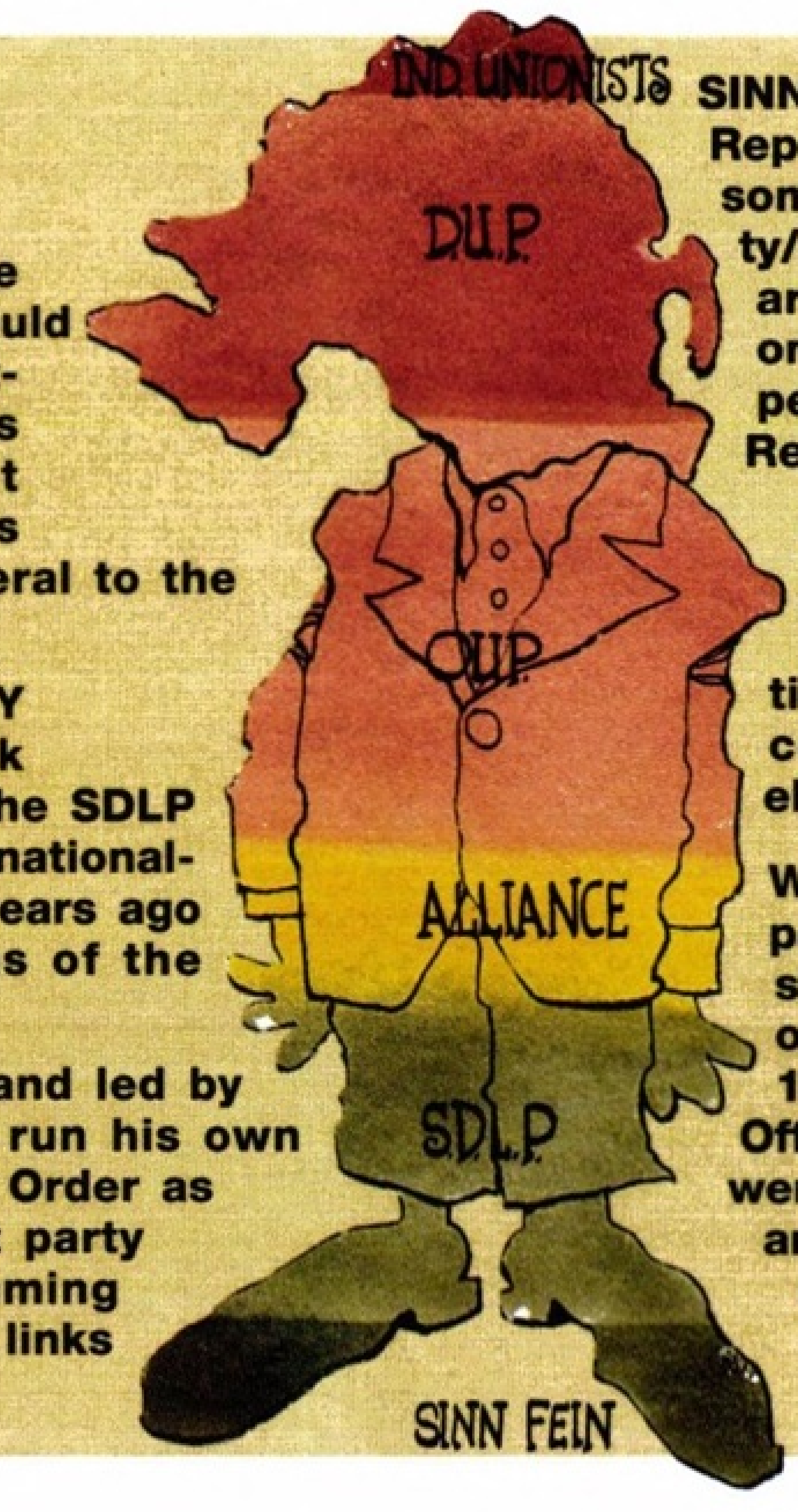
1 Reported in *The Guardian*, 10 November 1993.

NORTHERN IRELAND'S POLITICAL PARTIES



ULSTER UNIONIST PARTY The voice of the unionist establishment, the UUP's ideal would be integration with Britain. It has reluctantly accepted power sharing in the past, has gone along with the Downing Street Declaration recently and contains strands of political persuasion from the mildly liberal to the hard right.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC AND LABOUR PARTY Originally founded as an attempt to break the sectarian mould in Northern Ireland, the SDLP has become the natural home of moderate nationalists. The social democratic elements left years ago and only leader John Hume now remains of the founders.

DEMOCRATIC UNIONIST PARTY Founded and led by the Rev Ian Paisley, who always likes to run his own show (he had his own church and Orange Order as well), the DUP is a working-class unionist party with fundamentalist overtones. It is brimming with blood and thunder but has no known links with paramilitaries.

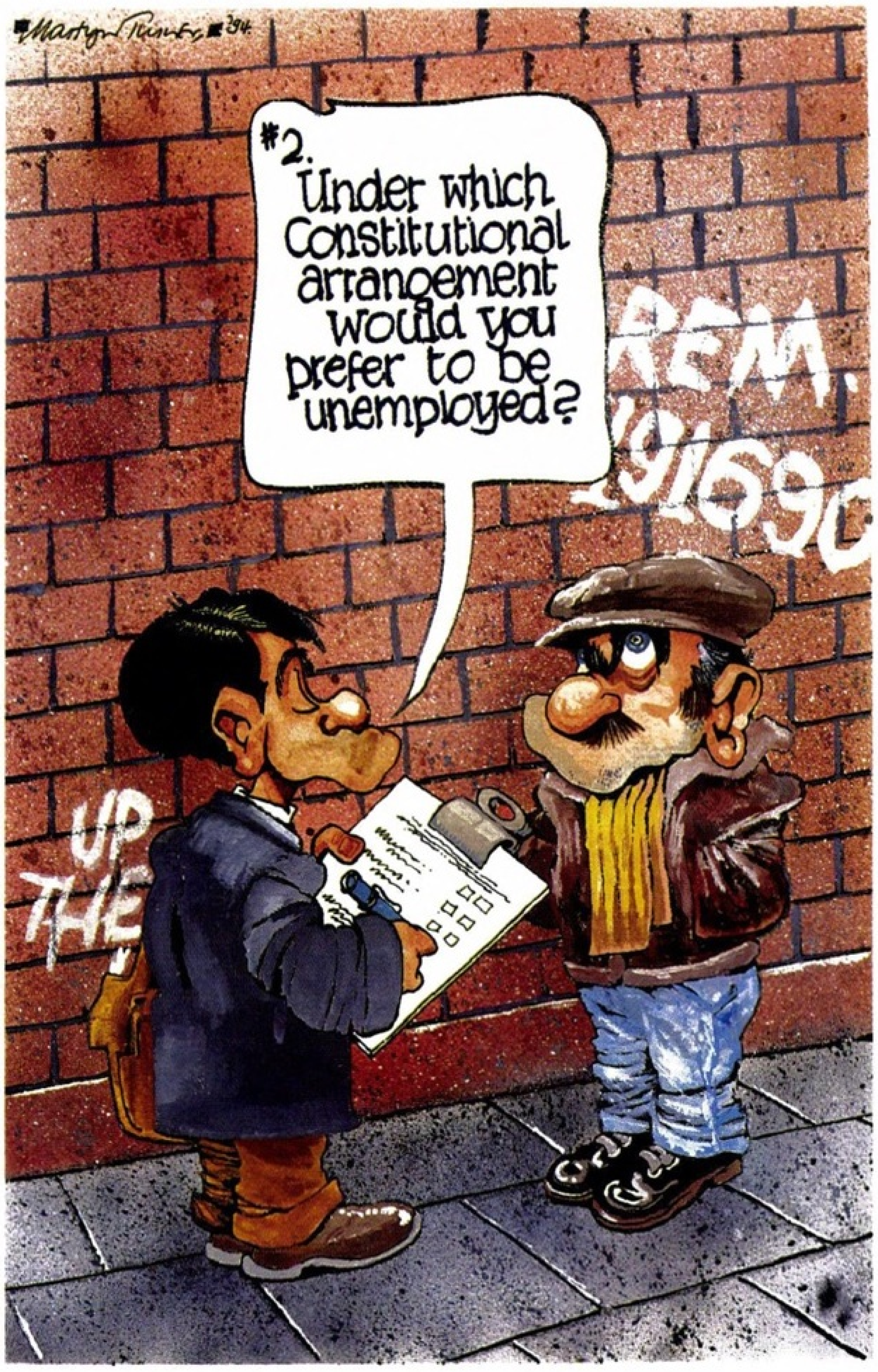
SINN FEIN The political wing of the Provisional Irish Republican Army (IRA), it is strongly supported in some areas in the North as much for its community/advice centre politics as for its support for 'the armed struggle'. While it is now the largest party on Belfast City Council it gets little more than 10 per cent of the total Northern Ireland vote. In the Republic it polls at about one per cent.

ALLIANCE PARTY The only truly non-sectarian party in Northern Ireland, drawing support in equal numbers from both religious communities, mainly from the middle class. Its lack of a community base is its strength – but also its electoral weakness.

WORKERS PARTY/DEMOCRATIC LEFT These parties (they split from each other last year) are significant because, like Sinn Fein, they organize on an all-Ireland basis. They arose out of the early 1970s split between the Provisional and the Official IRA. The Official IRA declared a ceasefire, went into politics and developed through marxism and democratic socialism into the present left-of-centre parties. Electorally tiny in the North, they get up to five per cent of the vote in the Republic.

Seven roads to salvation

The vexed question of Northern Ireland's constitutional future will soon be on the negotiating table again. Here is a *New Internationalist* guide to the key options – with a sideways glance at them by Irish cartoonist Martyn Turner.


Martyn Turner '94
#2. Under which Constitutional arrangement would you prefer to be unemployed?
REM. 191690
UP THE

INTEGRATION

Northern Ireland would become an ordinary region of the UK, without any special provisions. Britain's political parties would start organizing there.

Northern Ireland may be part of the UK but it is a place apart: governed in a different way (by a British Secretary of State); policed differently (its police have always carried guns); and with different social legislation (abortion is unavailable, for example).

Integration is the preferred goal of the Ulster Unionists, who recently won a small victory by gaining a Select Committee on Northern Ireland – part of the price for their quiescence over the Downing Street Declaration. Of Britain's major parties only the Conservatives have organized in Northern Ireland: they gained 5.7 per cent in 1992's general election but only 1.4 per cent in 1993's local elections. The main obsession of voters remains the status of Northern Ireland and not whether they should be governed by left-wing, right-wing or centrist parties.

But integration offers nothing to the nationalist community and the IRA campaign would inevitably continue.

REPARTITION

Northern Ireland's border would be altered to cede strongly nationalist areas to the Republic.

This is an idea whose time has long gone, though Margaret Thatcher confessed in her memoirs that she gave the idea serious consideration as an alternative to the Anglo-Irish Agreement. Repartition would secure Protestant domination of a new Northern Ireland but that would be a bleak prospect for the Catholics and nationalists who would still remain – not least in the staunchly republican areas of West Belfast.

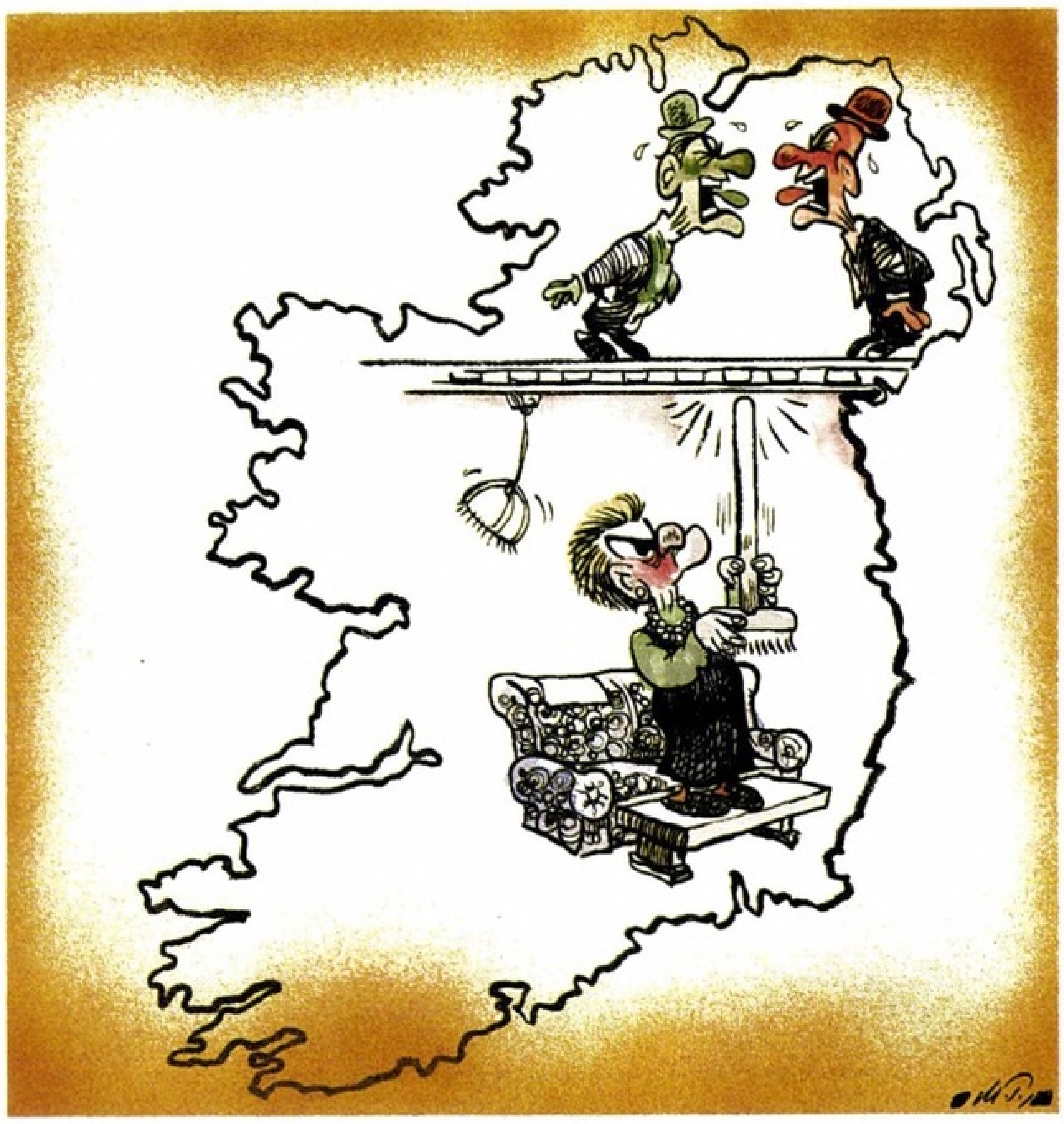
The ugly face of repartition was displayed recently by a loyalist group who proposed an 'ethnically pure' four-county Northern Ireland, hiving off large chunks to the Republic. Their solution for the problem of Catholic West Belfast came straight out of the philosophy manual of the Bosnian Serbs – 'neutralization' of hostile areas.

UNITED IRELAND

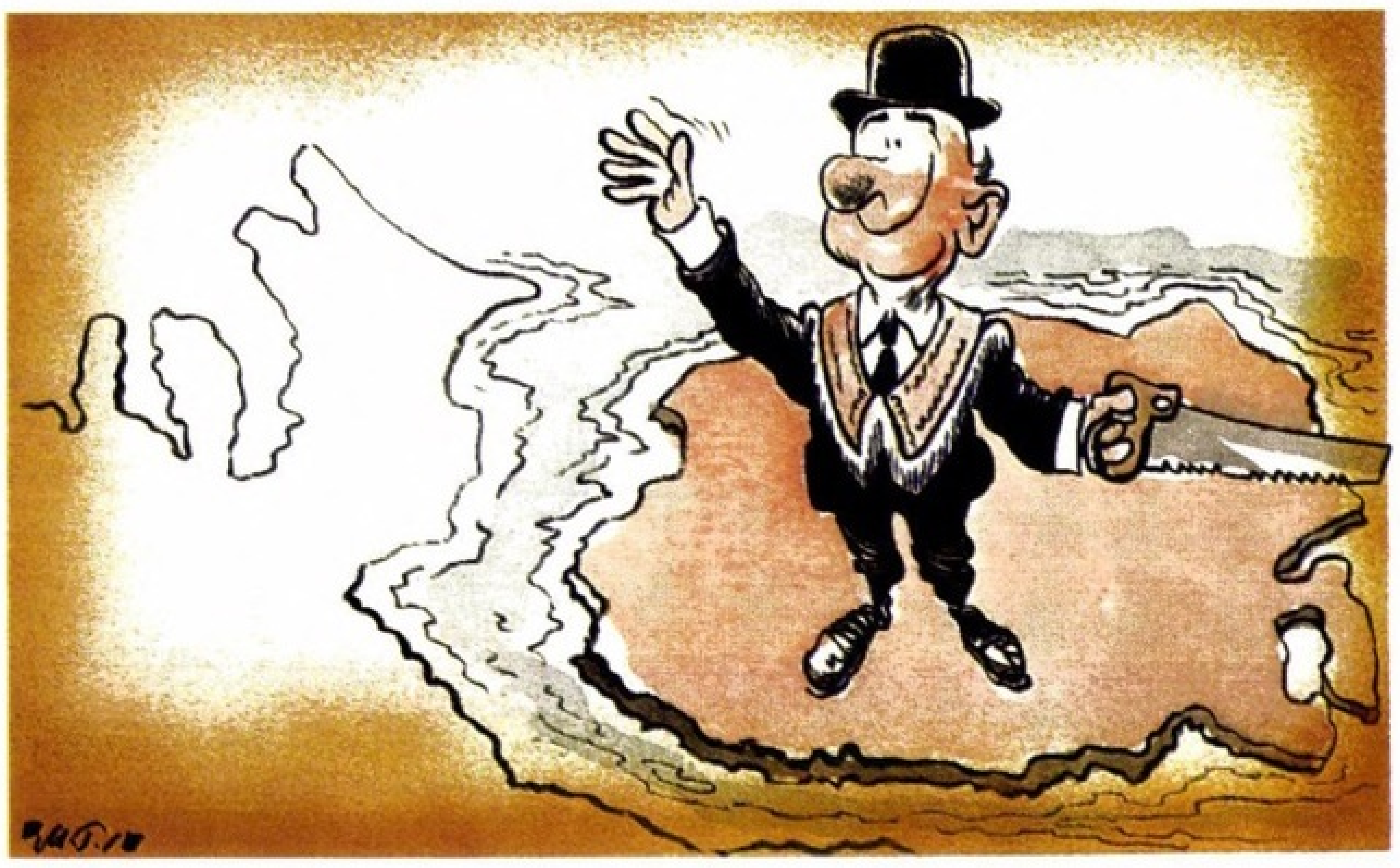
Northern Ireland would join with the Republic to create a new state.

A united Ireland is the overt goal of both Sinn Fein, who support the IRA's military campaign to achieve it, and the SDLP, who want to achieve it by democratic consent. It is also enshrined in Articles Two and Three of the Irish Constitution, which the courts have interpreted as a 'constitutional imperative' to reunite the country. There are signs though that the Irish Government are prepared to see this changed to an 'aspiration' to be achieved only through peaceful means.

A united Ireland could not be achieved just by extending the Republic to embrace those counties left outside it at Partition. A new country would have to emerge which guaranteed the rights of the Protestant minority. The existing political parties in the Republic would all have to change to take account not only of a significant Protestant minority but also of an assertive Northern Irish Catholic community used to organizing to get what it wants.



There is not likely to be majority support in Northern Ireland for straight reunion within the next generation. The people of the Republic, too, once passionate about the cause, are now less enthusiastic about the prospect of a new country that would put them in bed with both the unionists and the IRA. Even the IRA seem to be prepared to settle for less. Recent hopes for peace burgeoned largely because there were hints that they might be prepared to accept something like a long interim period in which Britain and Ireland held joint authority.



POWER SHARING

Northern Ireland would have an elected Assembly but would be governed by an executive coalition representing the constitutional parties of both Protestant and Catholic communities.

The last experiment in power-sharing collapsed after just four months in 1974, brought down by a loyalist strike. Twenty years on the Protestant community is more prepared to accept an experiment in power-sharing – the Ulster Unionists have now proposed devolved government involving committees where power is shared between Catholic and Protestant. Opinion polls suggest Catholics are receptive to the idea of trying again, though nationalists would watch like hawks for signs of the bad old days of Stormont* when unionists abused their untrammelled power. The British Government will be keen to pursue this option in talks excluding Sinn Fein if the IRA does not call a ceasefire.

*see 'Simply' pages 26/27

CONDOMINIUM

Britain would cede to Ireland joint authority over Northern Ireland, which would be governed by a commission of representatives from Dublin, London and the Northern communities (and possibly the European Union).

In a way Britain has already conceded the principle of joint authority: under the Anglo-Irish Agreement Irish ministers monitor any political, legal or security issues which concern the nationalist community in the North.

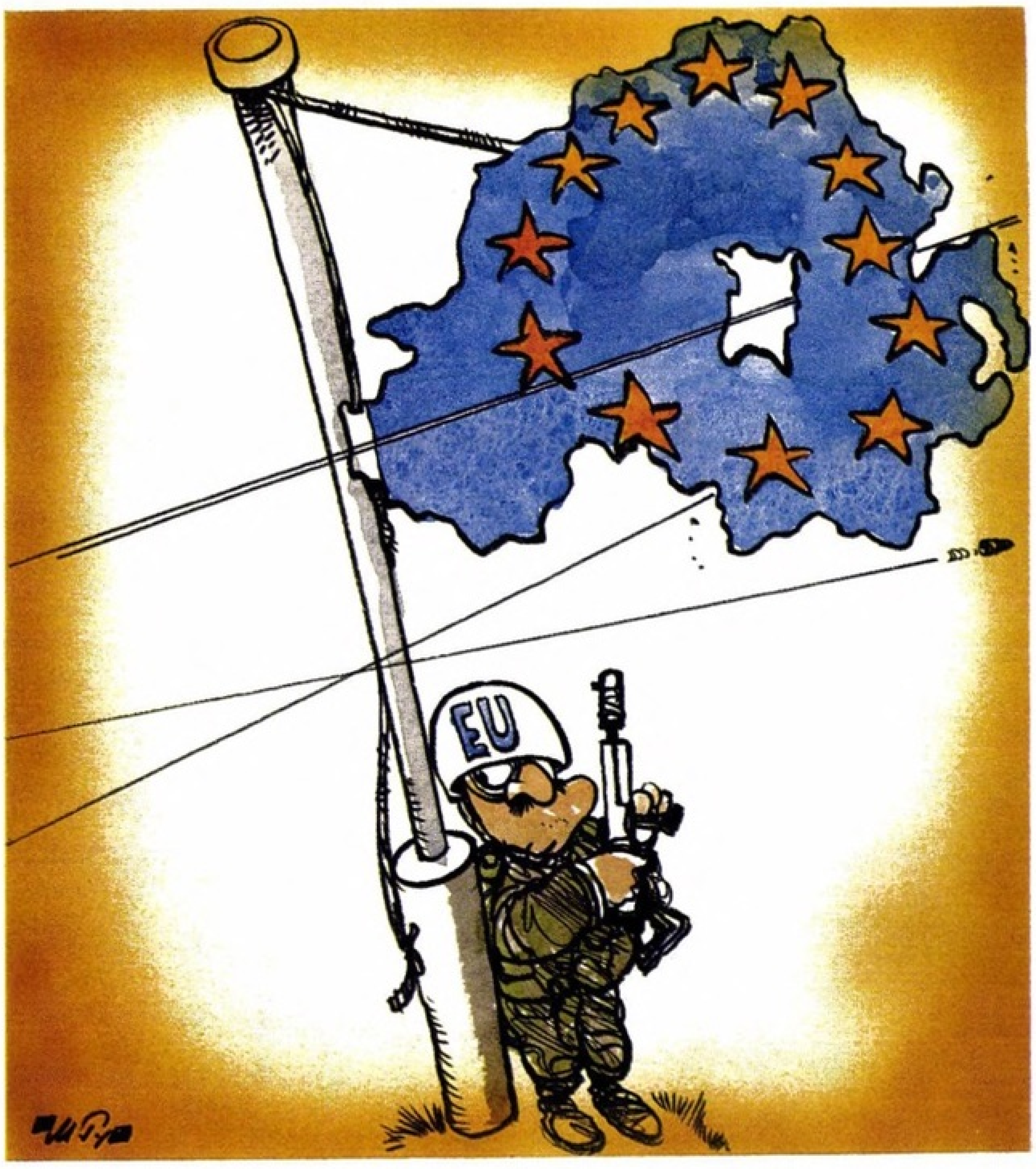
Unionists have pointed out that a joint-authority commission would be undemocratic, allowing the Northern Irish population no electoral control over up to half of its ruling body.

INDEPENDENCE WITHIN EUROPE

Northern Ireland would become an independent state supported by the European Union (EU) rather than the British or Irish governments.

Not long ago the only people advocating independence were extreme loyalists who saw a Rhodesia-style unilateral declaration of independence as the only route back to the untrammelled power Protestants once enjoyed. Ian Paisley's DUP have been moving in this direction as their feeling of betrayal by Britain increases.

An independent Northern Ireland shorn of the British subsidy would be unable to survive economically in anything like the style to which it has become accustomed. But the new awareness of Europe makes this a more creative and plausible proposal: the EU would guarantee human rights and subsidize the new arrangement. Britain would continue to contribute substantially for the foreseeable future in order to be rid of the economic and security burden in the long term.

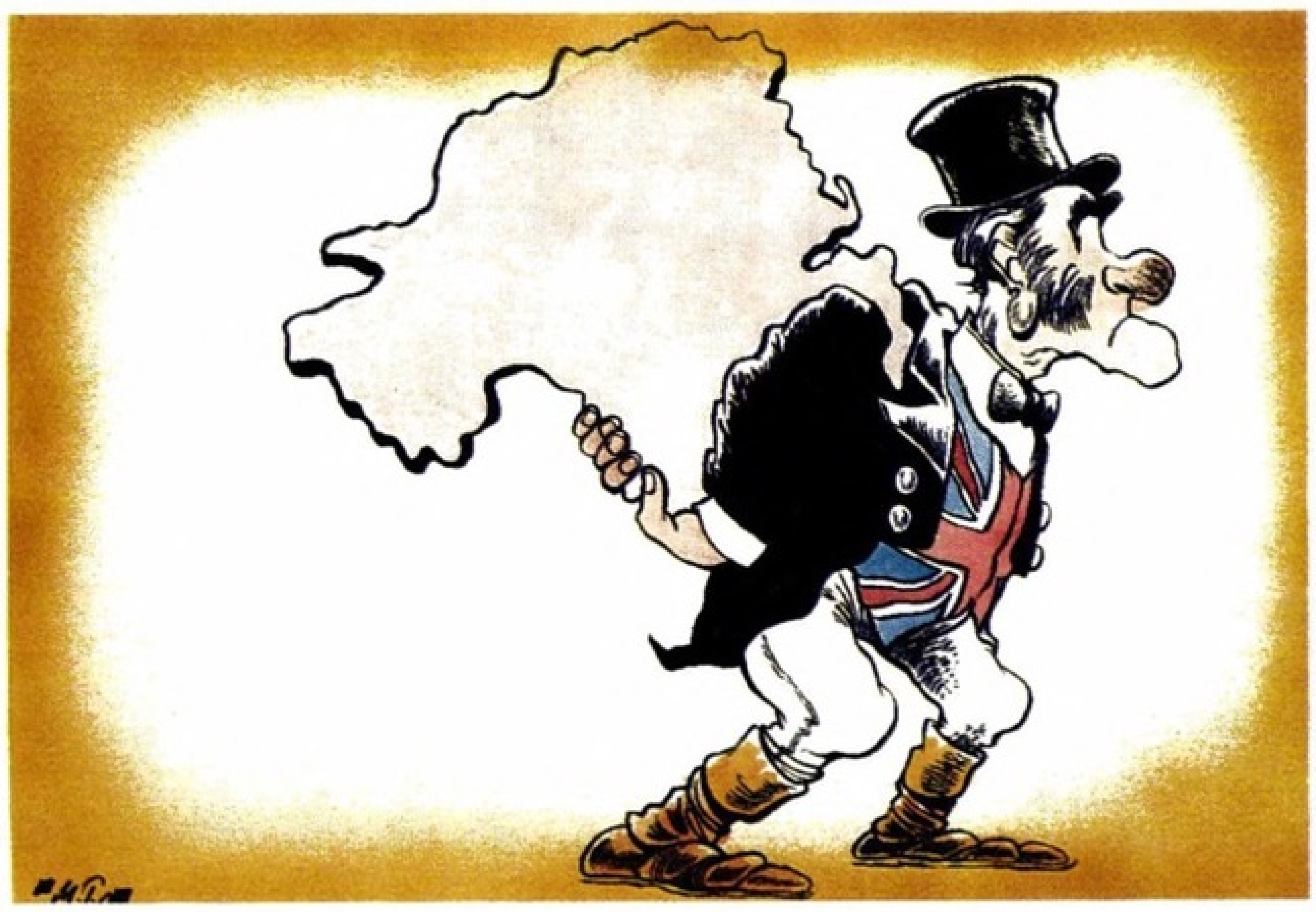


In theory unionists could feel they were independent of Dublin while nationalists would no longer have to suffer rule by London. But in practice unionists tend to be more keen on Brussels than they are on Dublin, while nationalists would fear majority rule by Protestants after independence more than the status quo.

STATUS QUO

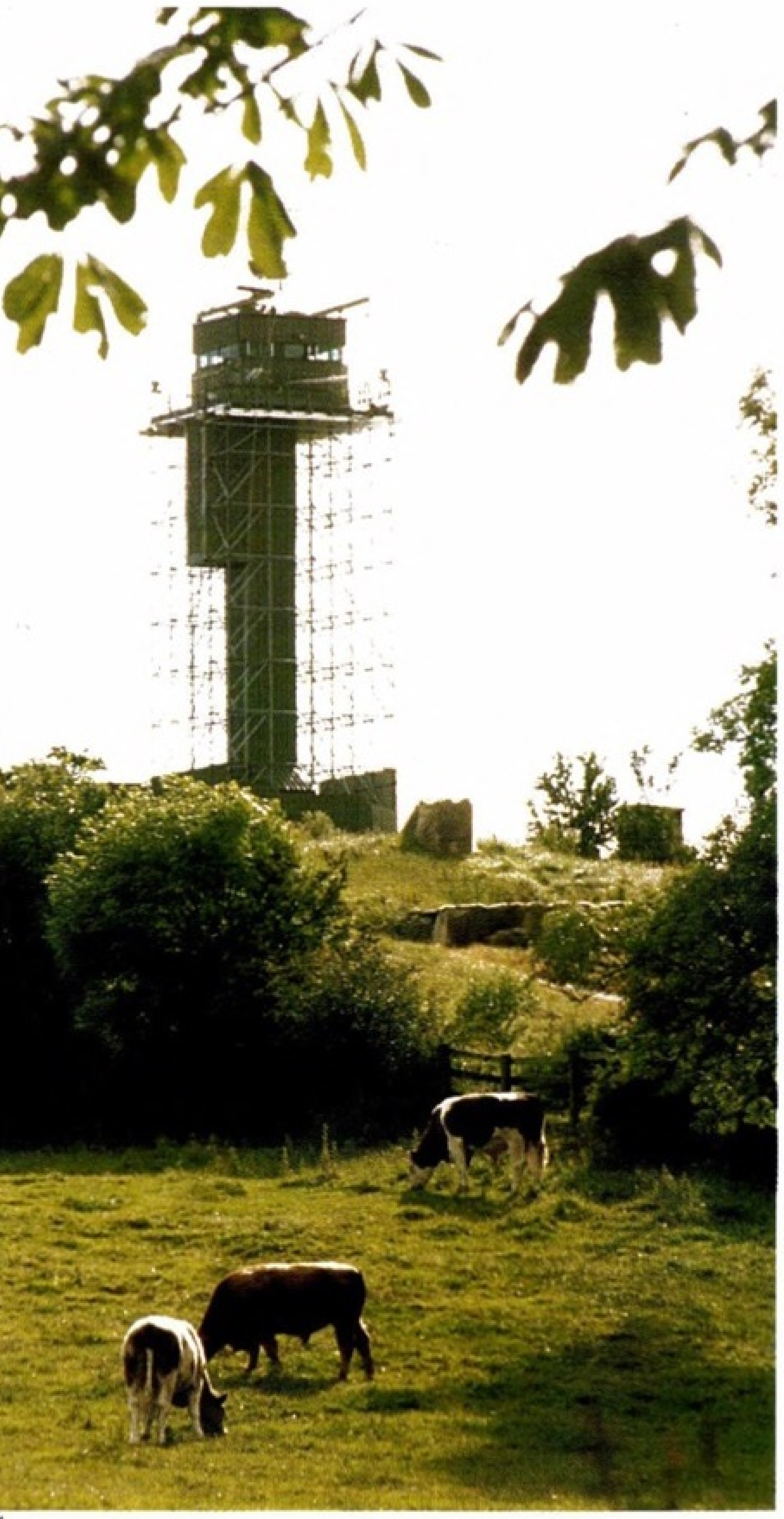
Northern Ireland would continue to be ruled directly from Westminster. British troops would maintain their presence on the streets.

The most unthinkable option of all is that things should remain the same, without hope of British troops leaving or the paramilitary violence ending. The recent Downing Street Declaration was a clear indication that the British Government recognized the status quo as unsustainable – it states that Britain has no long-term or short-term economic or political interest in Ireland other than to fulfil the wishes of the majority in Northern Ireland. An important aspect of the 1985 Anglo-Irish Agreement – now an established part of the status quo despite Unionist opposition – was its acceptance that Northern Ireland was no longer just an internal British affair, about which no other government or international body should concern itself.



All along the watchtowers

*Throughout Europe frontiers are coming down. Yet, as **Liz Curtis** discovered, the border between the two Irelands has never been so aggressively fortified – to the cost of local people on either side.**



Someone to watch over us: (above) one of the towers overlooking the Donnellys' fields.

IRELAND'S BERLIN WALL

ALL PHOTOS: DEREK SPEIRS / REPORT

* for the location of the places named in this article see the map on pages 18/19

THE border between the North and South of Ireland must be one of the strangest and most alienating stretches of land in western Europe. At its eastern end, along the edge of South Armagh, a double line of ugly watchtowers protrudes from the pretty little mountains. The towers, as well as barracks, helicopters and British Army foot patrols, use an array of high-tech surveillance equipment. Locals believe this may be causing people to develop cancer and cattle to abort.

Sean and Marian Donnelly and their family live in an intolerable situation. Their bungalow is a few hundred metres from the border in South Armagh, near the cottage where Sean was born. Like many small farmers in this poor, hilly region, they make a living by combining different activities. They have about 40 cattle in the fields behind them, run a small shop in the village, and frame pictures in a shed in the yard.

In 1985 the British Army took over the top of the hill behind them and built a watchtower. Next to it in one of the Donnellys' fields the Army put up a pole with a red light on it which shines into their house day and night. 'It's terrible,' Sean says, over and over again.

Emissions from the installations have burnt a row of trees beside their house. Marian shows me pictures of calves which were stillborn or had abnormalities, they suspect because of radiation. When the cattle are calving and Sean needs to go out and check them at night, he has to phone through to the barracks in Crossmaglen, and they then inform the watchtower.

'You're in an open prison here,' says Marian. 'You're watched all the time. It's an awful feeling, because you're not relaxed in your own home.'

Only one or two soldiers are on the lookout platform at any one time, but perhaps 30 or 40 are needed to service them – cooks, radio operators and so on. These men are housed in a bunker beneath the watchtower, and are supplied by helicopters, which land three or four times a day, making a tremendous noise and blowing dust everywhere.

Three helicopters always come together: one lands while the other two clatter above, keeping watch. Chinooks – the huge machines used by the Americans in Vietnam – are used to bring in heavy equipment: these have twice taken the roof off the Donnellys' shed. Helicopters have landed among their cattle, frightening them and causing them to abort. Also, helicopters patrolling the border frequently swoop low over the house both night and day.

The Donnellys have built a fence resembling a stockade round their yard because soldiers kept running through it. Soldiers have held their children at gunpoint, intimidated elderly visitors, and used the lawn and back doorstep as a toilet. The Donnellys' complaints to the authorities have no effect. 'It's terrible to live here, honest to God,' says Sean.

The Donnellys are victims of history. Till 1920 there was no border here. Then, in a piece of crisis management presented as a temporary measure, the British Government drew a line round the six north-eastern counties of Ireland.

South Armagh, solidly nationalist,

found itself within a unionist statelet. The border trailed along the old county boundaries along rivers and streams through houses and fields, splitting communities, separating farmers from their cattle and people from their relatives, shops and pubs.

Crossmaglen is scarcely more than a main square and a crossroads, yet it is overlooked by three watchtowers and a barracks bristling with masts stands on one side of the square. The IRA has attacked the barracks on countless occasions, using home-made mortars fired from the back of tractors, so the surveillance equipment seems to have had little effect – except to anger and alarm the locals.

First to protest were farmers near the watchtower at Glasdrumman, one of those overlooking Crossmaglen. They became seriously concerned when unprecedented numbers of cattle aborted, sheep died, and dead rabbits, mice and rats were found in ditches. Soon people seemed affected too.

Mary Allen, a popular local doctor, has helped to form the Campaign Against Radiation Emissions. She explains that in an area of about 15 kilometres radius, with a small population, brain haemorrhages and cases of leukaemia have been occurring in the last few years at a much higher rate than the national average.

The campaigners are pressing for a small-scale survey to be done of the immediate area around Crossmaglen, including the neighbouring district over the border. The Ministry of Defence has refused to provide details of the equipment and the local health board has failed to respond to repeated requests. So campaigners are trying to collect information themselves.

Where the main road from Belfast to Dublin crosses the border at Cloghogue there is an extraordinary panoply of security. Two watchtowers stand on the hill, with a covered steel walkway leading to the checkpoint below. There is a closed bay where cars can be brought for searching. Cameras are everywhere, on telegraph poles and attached to the fortress.

Victims of history: the Donnelly family (below) and Dr Mary Allen (top right).

Buried in the road are 'automatic bollards', a recent innovation which swiftly became notorious. If cars don't stop at the red light, thick metal posts shoot up out of the road. Last year, the bollards caused several serious accidents. In July Yvonne Smith was driving back across the border after visiting a friend in Dundalk when bollards shot up accidentally under her car. She had to be treated in hospital for neck and back injuries and the car was wrecked. Another woman was hurt in a similar accident ten days later. Then, in August, bollards tore into a bus carrying members of a Gaelic Athletic Association club to a match. Three were hospitalized, including an 11-year-old boy.

Local residents describe life near the checkpoint as 'nerve-racking'. They say the checkpoint endangers their lives because it attracts the IRA – two soldiers have been killed there. The local school has had to move, and the shop has gone.

There are plenty of other roads in the area without checkpoints, so the one at Cloghogue seems pointless. It is there – as with so many of the 'security' measures along the border – to make a political point: to reassure unionists of Britain's commitment to rule Northern Ireland.

The British Army has been blowing up cross-border roads and bridges since the 1970s. In South Armagh they long ago gave up and all the roads are open. 'In the early 1970s there was a continual battle,' recalls Jim McAllister, a Sinn Fein councillor for the area. 'The British Army blew up the roads, they cut trenches in them, they installed massive steel and concrete barriers. But the local people just refused to take that and kept reopening them as quick as they closed them. Not just in their own little area – people went from area to area to help refill them.'

The locals' persistence and a high level of IRA activity – which forces the British Army to travel by helicopter and makes it very dangerous for them to keep coming back to the same place – saw to it that the roads were left alone. Now heavy surveillance is used instead.

But along the borders of Fermanagh and Tyrone, where there is less IRA activity, many roads remain closed. Unionists are in a minority in both these counties. Their politicians constantly pressurize the British authorities to keep the roads closed. Two years ago a Democratic Unionist from Fermanagh called for all border roads to be sealed and mined, except main trade routes which he said should have checkpoints.

Altogether 50 of the 59 roads linking Fermanagh with counties in the South have been cratered or blocked by the British Army, as have many roads on Tyrone's borders with Donegal and Monaghan. These road closures have torn the heart out of communities, seriously disrupted farmers and devastated economic and social life. Local people have protested by reopening the roads themselves – though they have not been able to keep them open.

Lackey Bridge, amid green hills two kilometres from the southern town of Clones, is the best known of the contested crossings. Last July I watched as farmers worked with impressive speed to reopen the road, as they have some 30 times in the last four years.

First they put pipes in the river, to carry the water flow. Next a digger tore huge lumps out of the bank and deposited them in the river. Then a bulldozer smoothed down the new causeway, and a tractor-load of gravel gave the finishing touch. But a week later British soldiers were back: they dug up the road and extended the concrete barrier.

All three roads from Clones into the North are closed. The effects on the town have been severe, as two-thirds of its hinterland is across the border. Donald MacDonald runs a dress shop in the town, and is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. He used to employ nine sales assistants in the shop, but now there is only himself and his mother. They have turned the menswear department into a café: 'People say it's an improvement,' he says wrily. He says that the road closures have cost many jobs and forced many long-established businesses to close.

Eighty kilometres to the north-west, at the top end of Lough Erne, is the village of Garrison, on the Fermanagh-Leitrim border. It has about 300 people, mainly nationalists, and stands on what was a main road to Sligo till the British Army blocked it in 1973.

The road runs along the beautiful windswept waters of Lough Melvin – once much visited for its fishing – past a newly-built craft shop that closed after a few months. Tourists haven't come this way for a long time. One kilometre before the border the road becomes a lane, with gaping ponds full of weeds where the Army has cratered it. The old bridge at Dooard which marks the border is blocked by massive lumps of concrete with rusty girders protruding from them. Each time local people have found ways of surmounting or getting round the blocks, the British Army have brought more.

The direct journey across the bridge is only 100 metres. But with the bridge closed, if you want to travel to the far side of it, you have to drive 19 kilometres along the border to the crossing at Belcoo and Blacklion, then 19 kilometres back down the other side. The journey back involves doing the 38-kilometre drive again.

Tony Keown runs an electrical repair shop in Garrison. He describes the closure of Dooard Bridge as 'a complete disaster', and says, 'It's isolated this whole community. The majority of young people in this town wouldn't be able to name any person two miles up the road. The social life of this area has been torn to pieces.'

He explains that when someone from the other side of the border wants him to fix a TV, 'I have to arrange for somebody to come down to the bridge at a particular time and collect me. I park on this side of the bridge and walk across.' The vet has the same problem.

Bridget Flanagan and her sister Carmel live in Kiltyclogher on the other side of the border, likewise devastated by road closures. Their parents live in Garrison, three kilometres away but now a 77-kilometre round trip. 'It's an absolute disgrace,' Carmel says. 'All the borders are opening in Europe, but we can't even cross to visit our families.'

Last year, customs barriers came down in the European Union and with them the customs posts along the Anglo-Irish border. Yet the Anglo-Irish border is stronger and more militarized than at any time in its history. The Irish Government has co-operated in this process, policing the southern side and turning a blind eye to the proliferation of watchtowers, fortified checkpoints and cratered roads.

And those who are concerned that Europe is dismantling its internal borders only to strengthen its defences against the people of the Third World will be chilled to learn that people from the Spanish Ministry of the Interior have been here to study the towers and to learn ways of fortifying their coastline against immigration from Africa. ■

Liz Curtis is a writer and civil-liberties campaigner. Her latest book, *The Cause of Ireland*, will be published shortly by Beyond the Pale (Belfast).

Kissing King Billy goodbye

Not all Northern Ireland's Protestants speak with one voice. ***Ruth Moore*** *looks back on what set her off down a new road.*

ELEVENTH NIGHT: all over the land bonfires are lit with jubilant crowds gathering. The twelfth of July dawns, bringing with it the orderly and proud sash-wearers, orange lodges and the triumphant 'kick the Pope' drummers. Making thundering and shrieking noises, splashed in orange, purple and black, we celebrate a heritage whilst some of us, to add to the high excitement, cruise the route for someone to love. Paintings of our victorious William on a charging white horse, Union Flag-coloured kerbstones, revelations of defence plans for the Protestant 'homeland': all these are familiar symbols of Protestants' sense of history and pride.

THE word Protestant implies rebellion and dissent. Yet to the outside world Northern Irish Protestants are synonymous with the most small-minded loyalists. The image is of an inward-looking people retreating into the past, always saying 'no' and threatening a reactionary fight to make Ulster right. Here endeth any aspiration to dissent.

This perception of Northern Irish Protestants as outdated and reactionary is so well established that the very idea of a radical Protestant probably seems novel to you. In an entrenched sectarian society, it is indeed difficult for a diversity of viewpoints to flourish. People and political ideologies exist in opposition to each other – Proddie or Taig, Loyalist or Republican, one of us or one of them.

Yet there are radical Protestants in Northern Ireland. There are Protestant feminists, Protestant socialists, even Protestant republicans, for want of a better word – all of them people who in one way or another challenge the idea that the Protestant community is a single, united, homogeneous group. These elements of radicalism have been edited out for political convenience. The political convenience of the dominant unionist ideology is obvious enough – it needs to show a united front. But there has been a parallel editing out of radical Protestant voices within the Republican movement – perhaps for fear of the Catholic hierarchy.

I count myself as one of these Protestants seeking liberation and a radical agenda – and yet 'coming out' as a radical within Northern Irish Protestant society is in many ways as difficult as it is for people to come out as gay or lesbian.

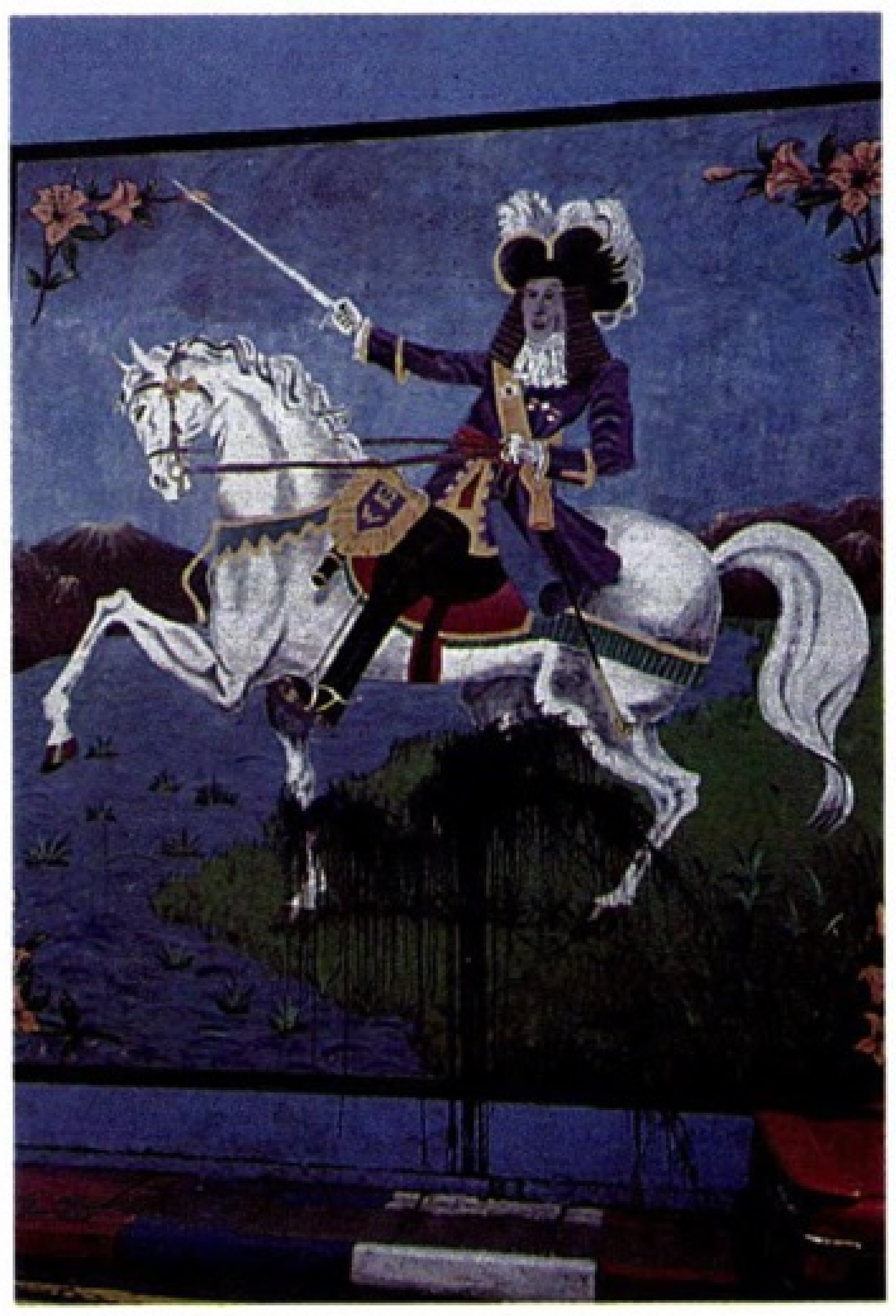
I was born at the end of the 1960s, at the very start of The Troubles, into a household whose values mirrored (and

Wide-eyed and full of pride – a twelfth of July parade in Belfast (above); a mural of William of Orange, whose victory the parade remembers.

whose votes sustained) the Rev Paisley's DUP (Democratic Unionist Party). Being Protestant was my primary identity – so all-important and all-pervasive that I was for a time led to believe that this was all there was. There was our own kind and there were those who 'kicked with the left foot'. I was defined and defined myself in relation to being Catholic. Catholics were Irish: they were often to be found Irish dancing and speaking the Irish language. I, in contrast, was British, proud of my allegiance to the Crown, to the monarchical figurehead of a Protestant state.

I mixed with Protestants at school and in church; my family bought groceries in Protestant-owned shops. The circle within which I moved condemned anyone who had sold their house or land to a Catholic, a significant issue in border counties. We were to be the defenders of our faith, which in practice meant defenders of our Crown forces and British rule in the face of Dublin interference and a threatening Catholic Ireland. We chanted 'Paisley is our leader!' and lamented the bloody 'daggers in the heart of Ulster'. We knew what side we were on and we did not let that side down...

I perhaps did not have the words for it then but I was aware of other political issues outside the unionist-nationalist face-off. As I entered my teens I knew, for example, that I was female – even though I often wished I were not so. I knew that being female meant restrictions, meant I could not do what my brother did, meant meeting particular expectations and dealing with double standards. Whereas the rhetoric told me it was liberating to be a proud Protestant, much of my experience of Protestantism as a woman was of restriction.



Deep down I had some sense that parts of me were being suffocated and when the time and opportunity came this made the prospect of going to university in England very attractive. In England I found comparative freedom but I was also in uncharted territory. For a start I was now regarded by everyone as Irish, without question – and people found it as difficult to accept that I could be from Ireland and not be Catholic as I did to accept that I was seen as Irish and not British. At the same time I found the Irish to be well-nigh invisible when it came to academic study – any references to Irish people were tokenistic responses to Irish student pressure.

If my journey to England started out as an escape from something the escape was short-lived. The longer I stayed, the more it seemed like I had journeyed out in order to find home. Juggling multiple identities – Woman, Protestant, British, Irish – to see what they meant and how they fitted together, I found it more and more difficult to accept that to be Irish was to be Republican. And I found it even harder to accept that to be feminist is to be Catholic or English, a notion which arises in Northern Ireland partly because feminism there emerged from the work of Catholic women but also because any radical idea is automatically associated with the Catholics' campaign for civil rights. I shuddered at the idea in some circles that a Protestant woman wanting to embrace a feminist agenda would have to drop her former identity lock, stock and barrel – how could anyone do that and what good could be expected to come of it? I became all the more convinced that we should not be asked to deny our Protestant identity but rather encouraged to question and understand it.

If feminists, for example, want to understand the specific oppression experienced by Protestant women in Northern Ireland they will get nowhere by dismissing the traditions which are so important to them. I have recently been involved in a research project which interviewed women to find out more about how they see their own lives in relation to these dominant traditions. Protestant women's experiences are similar to those of other women in that they are expected to be heterosexual, to marry and have children, to care, to cater and to serve. What is different for them is that the domination of loyalist ideology in everyday life extends also into the expectations of women. Protestant women

TOP: PACEMAKER PRESS INTERNATIONAL; BOTTOM: CHRIS BRAZIER

ULSTER SAYS NO

DEREK SPEIRS / REPORT

Brightly burns the orange flame: loyalists protesting against the Anglo-Irish Agreement in 1985.

are supposed to be either 'the proper wife' or 'The Orange Lily'. They are expected, in the words of one woman I interviewed, to 'rear their children to continue the true Protestant tradition', a duty another woman saw being fulfilled by 'sending your children to good Protestant things, such as Girls Brigade'.

Loyalist women, like their men, are supposed to be loyal to the throne – even at a time when many perceive themselves as having been deserted by the throne! But in addition they must be loyal to the male head of the household – the proper wife, the working companion, the helpmate, the silent support and drive. And loyalism means containing the intense frustrations which arise from meeting these expectations.

This in part explains the silences of Protestant women, their obvious absence from the public sphere and especially from the male-dominated unionist political parties. Loyalty for Protestant women means keeping the lid on anything that might be questioning in case it shifts the boundaries. The pressures to keep things secure and the same are strong and the forces of domination and regulation are only too obvious. Going against the grain leads to accusations of betrayal, leads to ridicule, rejection and social isolation – what one woman called 'living in a political wilderness'.

One woman spoke of her fear of the loyalist paramilitaries as one factor that kept her from speaking out: 'It is physically risky,' she said, 'to challenge what other Protestants here seem to be supporting'. Another felt she had to vote for a man of 'her own kind' despite her scorn for his notion that a woman's place was in the home. Still another said she could not criticize the male domination of Protestantism lest it be destructive to the 'necessary and firm' stand of unionism.

Nevertheless the number of people prepared to 'come out' as radicals or at least with a different view of the Protestant tradition is increasing. Wishing to get away from the sectarianism at all levels of life in Northern Ireland, they are starting to ask questions, to reclaim what has been edited out of existence until now. Through these personal journeys a new Protestant identity is being carved out in the workplaces, homes and community centres of Northern Ireland, one that moves beyond betrayal and dependency and beyond the stereotypes of the Orange and the Green.

Protestants in Northern Ireland have two choices. They can remain locked in a discriminatory, undemocratic and sectarian society, stuck to their feelings of embattled betrayal and their besieged psyches. Or they can participate in change and start imagining new ways of being Protestant in Northern Ireland, start reclaiming the hidden radical elements of their history. Through owning rather than denying these aspects of their identity, they can work towards constructing a non-sectarian and non-sexist country which gives justice and full participation to all – women and men, Catholic and Protestant, Traveller, Chinese and Jew.

The idea of Protestant radicalism may still seem novel. But somewhere in the critical mind and voice the original meaning of Protestant as dissenter is remembered. ■

Ruth Moore is one of the contributors to a forthcoming book *Contemporary Perspectives on Irish Protestant Radicalism*, compiled by the Irish Protestant Education and Action Group and published by Beyond the Pale.

War and peace

*What would it take for the IRA to give up its terrorist campaign? **Chris Brazier** tries to find out from republican leader Martin McGuinness whose voice is banned from broadcast in the UK.*

Martin McGuinness is in demand. The day before I see him the IRA has launched its third mortar attack on London's Heathrow Airport, proving two things – that it could cause major mayhem in Britain almost any time it wanted; but also that it is serious enough about the current peace process not to want to derail it (the mortars were deliberate duds). It has also offered a formal response to the Downing Street Declaration for the first time – a careful statement which clearly tries to keep the channels open.

The media are beating a path to this particular door because Martin McGuinness is Gerry Adams's partner at the head of Sinn Fein, the political party allied to the IRA. Not only that but long and spurious legend has it that he is secretly the IRA's Chief of Staff. More precise information said to have emerged from British secret-service channels has it that McGuinness became commander of the IRA's Derry brigade in 1971 at the age of 21 and was IRA Chief of Staff between 1978 and 1982.

Now he is at pains to deny that he is a member of the IRA and scrupulously avoids talking like one – and unlike many less prominent republicans he has never been successfully prosecuted by the British security forces for IRA membership. But what is clear is that he is held in great respect by the republican movement: if anyone can lead the IRA into peaceable politics it is he.

We talk in Sinn Fein's Derry office – a terraced house in the Bogside which makes precious few gestures to comfort. Certainly no-one visiting here is going to be able to accuse them of selling out. The decor might be described as early 1970s student squat; the walls are peeling and the Easter Rising and Malcolm X posters on them could easily date from that period. It seems incongruous that a man working from this defiantly alternative and downbeat home base could be in direct negotiation with the British Government and have the power to unlock one of the world's greatest unresolved problems. Yet McGuinness himself wouldn't find it at all incongruous – he was just 22 when he and Gerry Adams made their first secret trip to London to negotiate with Conservative Minister William Whitelaw.

What animates McGuinness most now is precisely the fact that he and Gerry Adams are not being talked to by the British Government. And when he runs through the history of his most recent talks with them you can see his point.

'There has been political contact between us and the British Government on and off for the past 20 years. But last year the British Government came to us with a proposition. *They* proposed, not us, that meetings could take place and they hoped that during those meetings they would be able to convince the republican representatives that there would be no need for an armed struggle.

'On the basis of these discussions we decided to ask the IRA in the early part of last year if they would be prepared to create the conditions in which such talks could take place – because we understood that the British Prime Minister would have trouble defending the talks on the floor of the House of Commons if armed conflict was taking place outside. The IRA agreed to suspend their activities for several weeks to facilitate this. But when the British Government were told about this they ran away from their own proposals for talks.'

It doesn't seem mere coincidence that this change of heart came about at a time when the Government suddenly found it needed Ulster Unionist support to get the Maastricht treaty on European union through Parliament. What seems stranger to McGuinness is that having sheepishly admitted that it had talked to Sinn Fein throughout months of saying it was not doing so, the British Government is now refusing all overtures from republicans at the very time when it claims through the Downing Street Declaration to be trying to bring them in from the cold.

I push him on why Sinn Fein couldn't just accept the Declaration and sit down at the negotiating table once the stipulated three months non-violent quarantine had elapsed. If the IRA is as keen on peace as it says why not lay down its guns now? The answer, he says, lies in the 'effective veto still being offered to unionists.' 'As long as that is there it allows the unionists to go into the conference room and sit on their hands confident in the belief that if they give nothing away their position will still be underwritten by the British Government.'

McGuinness believes that veto should be left at the door of the conference room along with all other fixed ideas – including his own. 'We're not predetermining anything. We have said consistently that republicans are prepared to go into the conference room with no preconditions whatsoever. We have said that everything should be left outside the door and all of us walk in there dressed only in our clothes to work out a new future for this island.'

McGuinness's conversation is peppered with words like 'flexible', 'realistic', 'open-minded' – not words that have traditionally been associated with him. Doubtless this is partly because he has learned the lesson any politician learns about presentation. But there seems to be substance too. He says, for example, that Sinn Fein would no longer insist on a united Ireland.

'Of course we are a republican party and we'd like to see a unitary state. But we're also democrats. We're quite prepared to go into a conference of all the Irish people, including the unionists, to sit down and work out a new future for this whole island – looking at all the possible scenarios and structures to see if there is a way to bring stable government to this part of Ireland. At that table we would say naturally we believe there should be a unitary state with a parliament at Dublin or Athlone. But at the same time the prospects of us getting that accepted by all the other representatives of the Irish people I think are minimal and we are realistic enough to understand that. And we're also quite prepared to go in there and have the representatives of the Irish people decide on a different structure. That means there actually is room for manoeuvre to bring about a situation where the fears and worries of the unionist people can be accommodated.'

Flying the flag: but McGuinness and Sinn Fein are ready to work out a new future.

INN FÉIN
VOTE
MARTIN
McGUINNESS

PETER MARLOW / MAGNUM

The fly in the ointment here of course is that the democratic wishes being acknowledged are those of the Irish people as a whole, a concept which sets unionists screaming – they feel their democratic majority within Northern Ireland should be the one that matters.

What I find even more striking than McGuinness's constant talk about peace – the word is easy enough to repeat, after all – is the way he dwells on unionists' feelings and fears about the future and how these can be accommodated. This is not the battling underdog lashing out at the unionist oppressor that I would have encountered in 1971 or even 1981; and maybe it is a sign that the tide in Northern Ireland has genuinely turned. The closer we get to a proper settlement, the more republicans like Martin McGuinness are starting to think about how they are going to live with and alongside unionists rather than how to fight back against them. 'The British Government needs to tell us all but especially the unionist community what its long-term intentions in Ireland are; because you go out anywhere in the Six Counties today and talk to unionists and you'll find they are already convinced that what they are seeing is the British Government slowly but surely disengaging from Ireland. We have to find some way whereby those 900,000 people who believe that their loyalty lies with the British state can be accommodated. That is a major area of work that republicans have to get involved in.'

The 'moderate' tone even extends to the role of British troops but he says only a lunatic would suggest that they should be pulled out right away. Sinn Fein has called for a five-year deadline to be set for the withdrawal of troops as a spur to get people thinking seriously about future political arrangements. 'But we're realistic enough to know that if the British Government came to us and said "five years is a bit tight, it's going to take a wee bit longer" then it could be seven or eight years, or even ten. I for one would not be prepared to prolong strife on this island over a matter of a couple of years. We are prepared to bend over backwards to get a political resolution of this conflict, to play our role in the peace process but the British Government are going to have to let us in there'. ■

CAMERA PRESS

The Queen, Mary R and me

DEREK SPEIRS / REPORT

Catholic Ireland has been infamous for its reactionary laws on abortion, divorce and homosexuality. But it is changing fast. ***Nell McCafferty*** *(pictured above) argues that women from Northern Ireland would be liberated by union with the Republic.*

THERE are those who would argue that she is steeped in luck whose birthright entitles her, as mine does, to dual citizenship of the Republic of Ireland and of the United Kingdom. I was born in Derry city, Northern Ireland, over which both countries claim jurisdiction. Margaret Thatcher said famously that I am as British as any of her erstwhile constituents, while the constitution of the Republic declares that I am to be as cherished as any other citizen on the island of Ireland.

Give or take a few drawbacks – such as an 800-year war and an absolute loss of self-determination – dual status has had many advantages, such as two countries in which to play. But luck, alas, has run out. The prime ministers of both states have announced that it is make-up-your-mind time: they are going to bring an end to the ol' war and set up an 'agreed Ireland'. I have to choose between the Republic and the Kingdom.

In the summer of 1993 that choice was embodied, in flesh and spirit, at the first-ever meeting between a President of Ireland and a British monarch. My own destiny was decided too the day Mary Robinson met Elizabeth Windsor.

The Queen, you see, is a relative of mine through marriage. Her niece Marina Ogilvy married a fellow from Derry whose grandmother is a cousin, albeit several times removed, of my late father. One bomb at an extended-family gathering of the Windsor branch of the dynasty means, theoretically, that the throne awaits yours truly. But it is not so in practice: I was reared in the Catholic tradition and would be expected to renounce all things papist to get there.

This poses an insurmountable problem. Though she long since abjured anything to do with Popery, Polish or otherwise, this writer is resolute in upholding freedom of religion. It is intolerable that Britain should forbid the throne to those of its citizens who are Catholic. I could not accept the highest position in the land under such a discriminatory dictate.

On the other hand the Presidency is open to all who live on the island of Ireland. The first President of the Republic was a Protestant, the third was a former member of the IRA, and the current holder of the office is a socialist with a primary commitment to feminism (she is also a practising Catholic who married a Protestant).

The population of the Republic is still an alarming 95-per-cent Catholic, it has to be acknowledged, but any lingering suspicions about its confessional nature were swept aside in 1972 when the people voted to remove from their written constitution that article which elevated the Roman Catholic religion to a 'special position' within the state. Unlike the British Houses of

Parliament, there isn't a single (or married) cleric in either chamber of the Irish Dail.

Things aren't so bad for women either. Unlike Northern Ireland, which returns an exclusively male clutch of MPs to Westminster, 12.5 per cent of deputies to the Irish Parliament are female. And the social legislation affecting women has been reformed much more comprehensively in the South than in the North. A woman can have fun in the Republic now – can even aspire to full humanity.

The North, by sorry contrast, is stuck in an abysmal rut. Since it first sought to preserve 'a Protestant state for a Protestant people' by unsuccessfully resisting the introduction of free health care and education for all, it has fought a rearguard action against any concept of a modern society. The abolition of its Stormont parliament in 1972 led to a paradoxical strengthening of the North's fundamentalist outlook – untrammelled by local-government restraints, Catholic priest and Protestant minister entered into a fierce coalition against what was seen as a secular front in London.

Grounds for divorce in Northern Ireland – so narrow as to constitute a state of enforced matrimony – had to be forcibly widened in 1977 through the mechanism of direct rule from London; Westminster did not dare debate the matter. Abortion remains risibly restricted, so that Northern women must still travel to England for termination of pregnancy on any grounds other than the rare threat to the physical life of the mother. Some doctors do openly advocate what is restrictively called 'family planning', but the Brooke Clinic, which operates nationwide in Britain advising teenagers on contraception, has managed so far to open only one branch in Belfast – and is still picketed daily by people of both religions. Homosexual practice was legalized in the 1980s against the will of the British Government by appeal to the European Court of Human Rights.

On the other hand Southern defences against liberal reform, which used to be a mirror-image of those in the North, have started to collapse like dominoes. While Northern energies were diverted by warfare, feminism has made constitutional hay while the sun shone in the peaceful Republic.

Even the Pope could not prevail against it, though he visited Ireland in 1979 to make a personal appeal to women to retain the values of children, kitchen sink and church. Hugely popular he was too, for the Irish are affectionately devoted to God, but the Pope couldn't match what feminism offered through the Pill and equal pay – more sex and more money for women and ditto, in consequence, for any men in their lives.

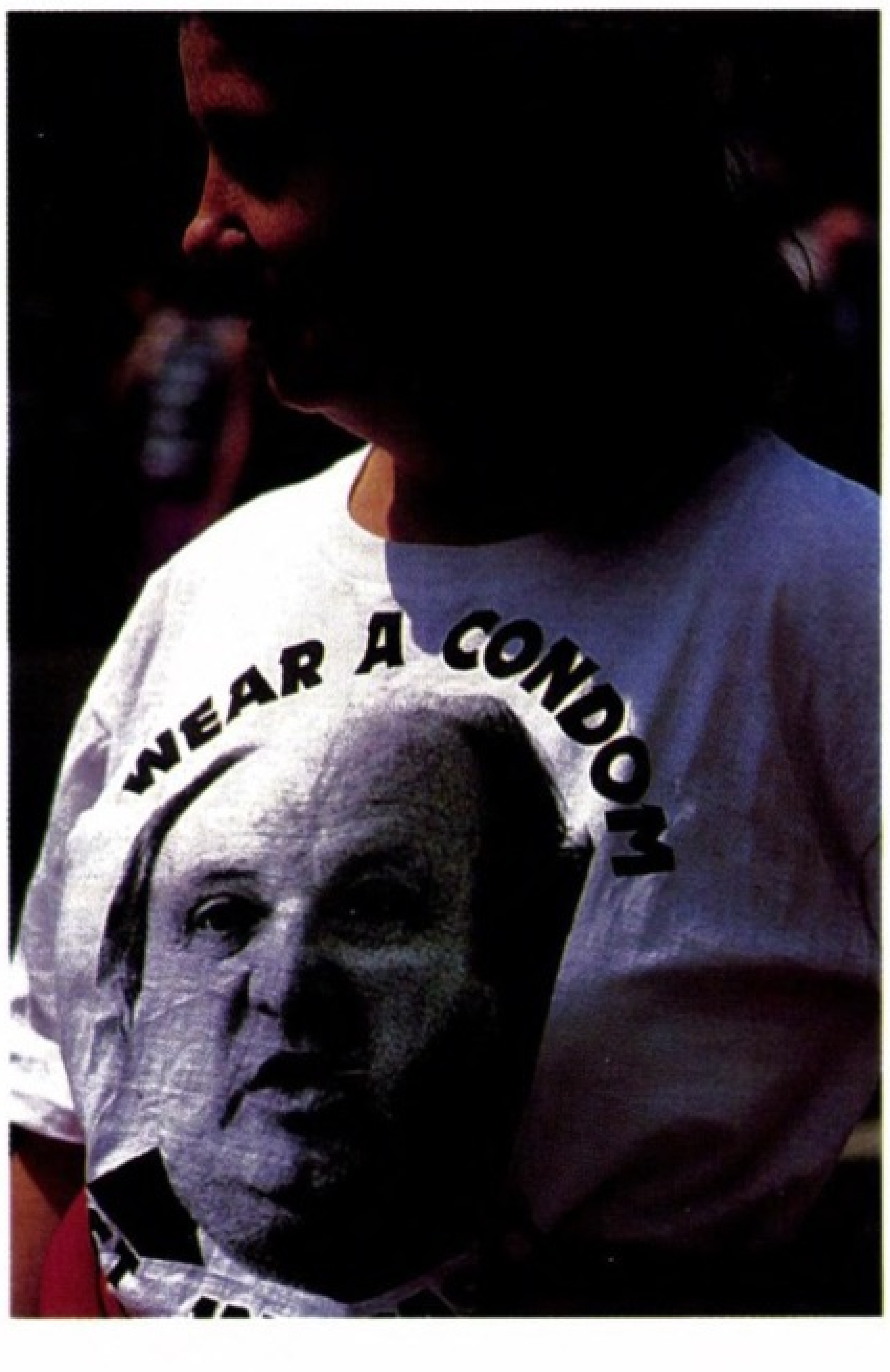
There have been some hiccups along the glorious way to liberation in the Republic. Referenda in favour of abortion and divorce were defeated in the 1980s as people pondered whether killing babies and throwing men out of the house wholesale, as the Church predicted would happen, was entirely the right way to order civil society.

The essential difference between the Irish and British approach to these matters is that Ireland is bound by a written constitution to which parliament is subordinate, whereas Westminster can and does impose change against the will of the electorate. It was through the House of Commons that divorce, abortion and contraception were introduced to Scotland, England and Wales. In Ireland, where every single thing has to be debated, parsed, analyzed and passed by mass vote, reform has come more slowly and the population is all the better for it. Such progress as has been made has come about through the will of an informed and enthusiastic electorate which elected a feminist President as the symbolic signpost of the direction it wishes to take in the twenty-first century.

Divorce will be legalized in Ireland this year. Abortion, which is already legal, will be made available, though still severely restricted, in 1995 (here, as in the North, we must thank God for the clinics and anonymity of pagan England). Homosexual legislation is far in advance of that in Britain and the US (the age of consent is the same as that for heterosexuals, 17, with no exceptions made for the armed forces). Contraceptives are dished out like candy.

There is still a long way to go, of course, in Ireland as elsewhere in the world. But the cause will be helped when the war ends in the North, and social and political intercourse resumes between people from either side of the border – the cross-fertilization promises a bountiful harvest.

Condoms and candy: a pro-choice on abortion demonstration in Ireland.



CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS / MAGNUM

The advantages that will spring from the feminization of the North will be matched by the anarchic genius for self-help which has flourished in the virtual absence there of party political control. Northerners have developed a sturdy independence, financed by the buckets of money which Britain has flung at them in an effort to pacify the natives. Government has effectively been decentralized and society ordered along the lines of community groups, tenants' associations and trades unions, through which locals regulate their affairs as they see fit. Through these they exercise a people-power which astonishes those visitors from the outside world who bravely enter the warzone.

In an 'agreed Ireland' this cocky confidence of Northerners would be a welcome antidote to the political clientilism which still characterizes the South. And the remnants of the British culture of free education and health care, to which the North has become used over half a century, would have to be extended into the South when, as the Republic has promised, its baseline economic standards are brought into line with the highest prevailing on the island.

This mutually beneficial exchange between North and South would marry well with the vision of Mary Robinson, the first non-party politician to attain high office on the island. The hallmark of her Presidency has been the return of power to the people: cross-border community activity has been lent the full prestige of her office, and her home has become the meeting place for groups who have never met before.

At worst, in the 'agreed Ireland', we'll all be healthy, educated, feminized, communally active, ecumenical, peaceful and poor together; at best each will be a first-class citizen, equal to all Europeans, with all shoulders to the same wheel.

Given my choice between becoming elected President of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter, or imposed Queen of the Prods alone, there is no contest. Anyway the daily flight to Heathrow which Royal duties would entail isn't worth the hassle. And whether I would or no, there is the ultimate power of perfidious Albion – under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, a person from Northern Ireland may be forbidden, without charge, conviction or any iota of proof whatsoever, from ever setting foot in Britain. Ultimately, like me, the people of Northern Ireland have no choice at all. ■

Nell McCafferty is one of Ireland's best-known and most outspoken journalists. Her home in Dublin has yet to be included on the tourist circuit of royal residences.

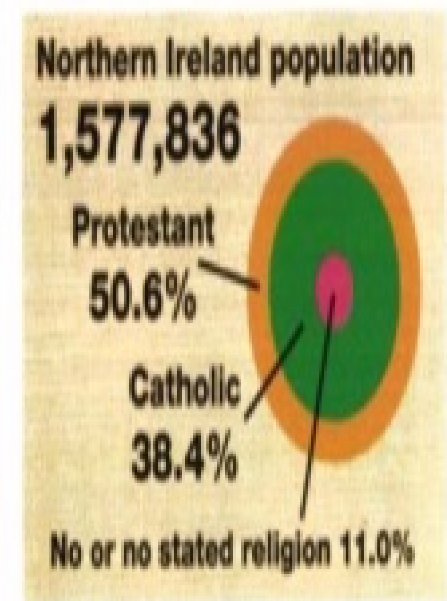
NORTHERN IRELAND – THE FACTS

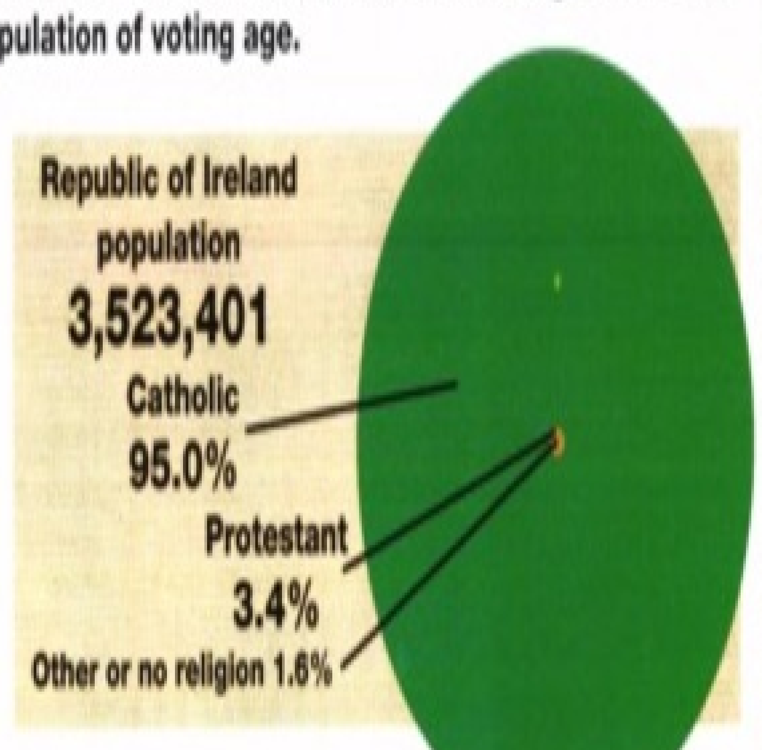
Northern Ireland was once the industrial powerhouse of Ireland. Now it has sunk into dependence on Britain for its economic health as well as its military security.

POPULATION AND RELIGION

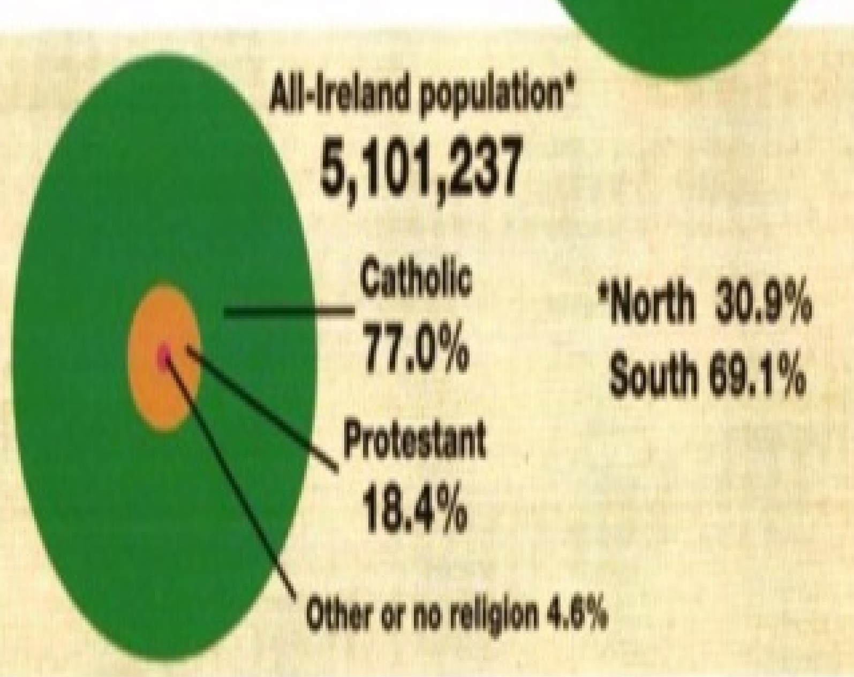
The majority of people in Northern Ireland define themselves as Protestants, though the proportion of Catholics has significantly increased since the province was created in 1920.[1]

Catholics' higher (though declining) birthrate has led to speculation that they will become a majority around 2025. But there would still be a time lag before this majority was reflected in the population of voting age.



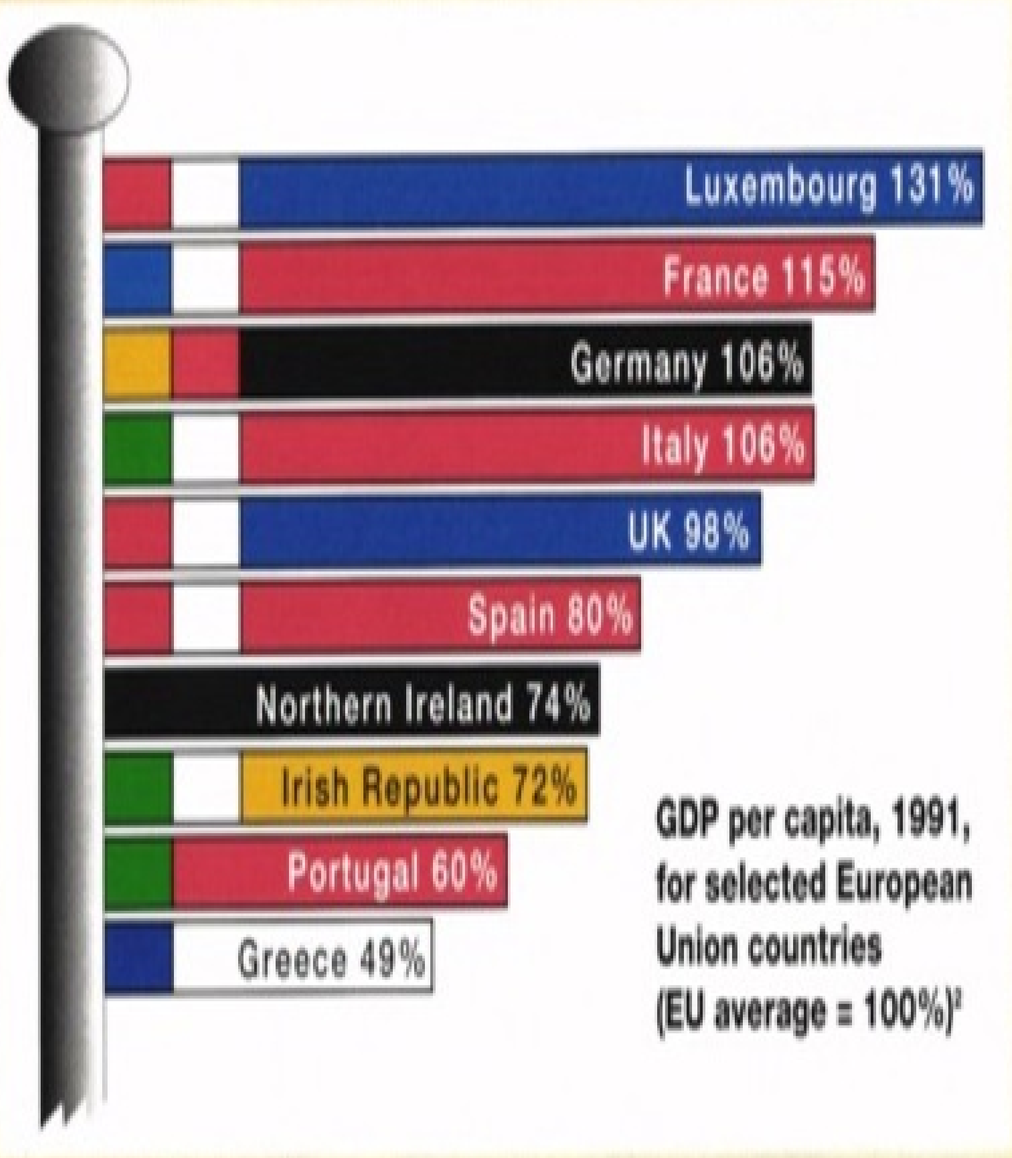


DAVID HURN / MAGNUM



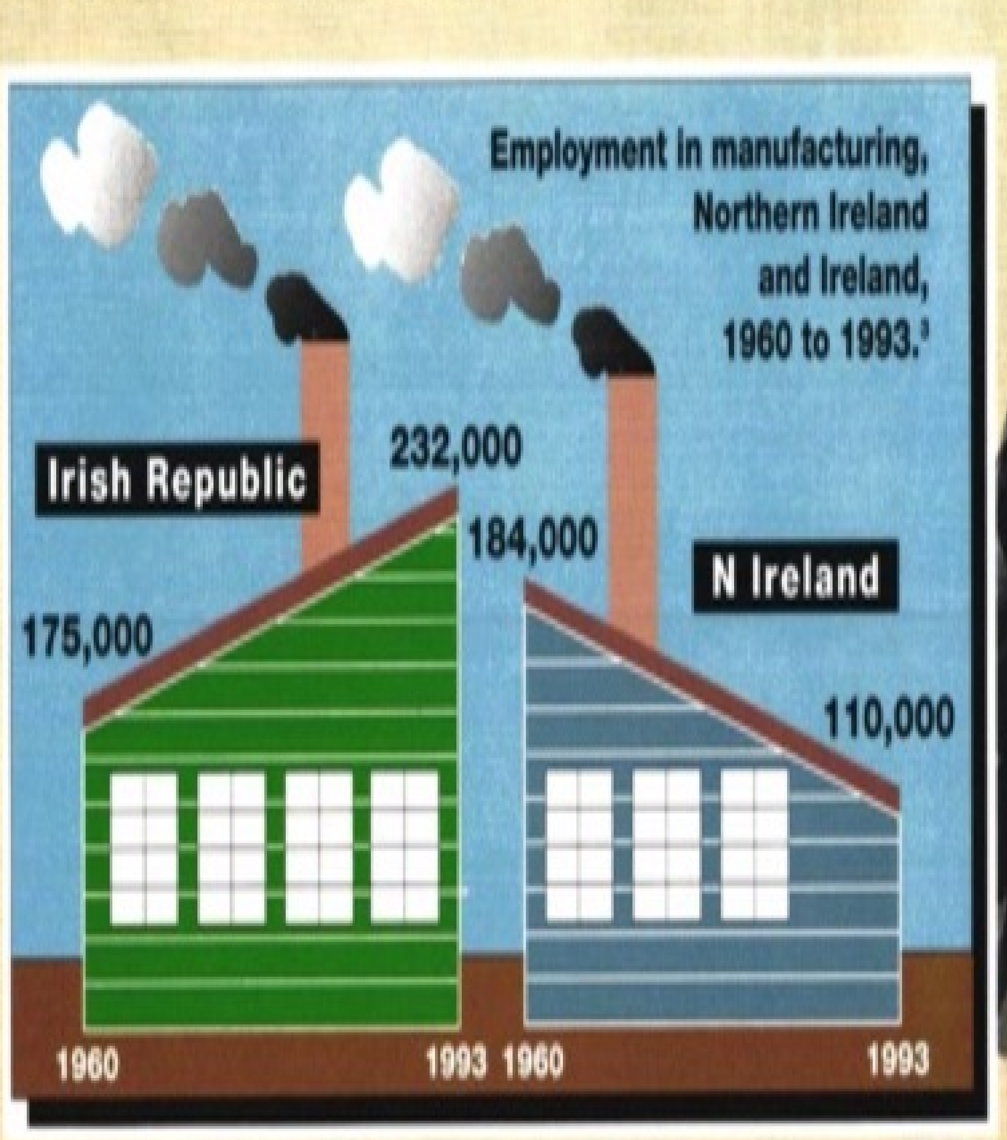
ECONOMY

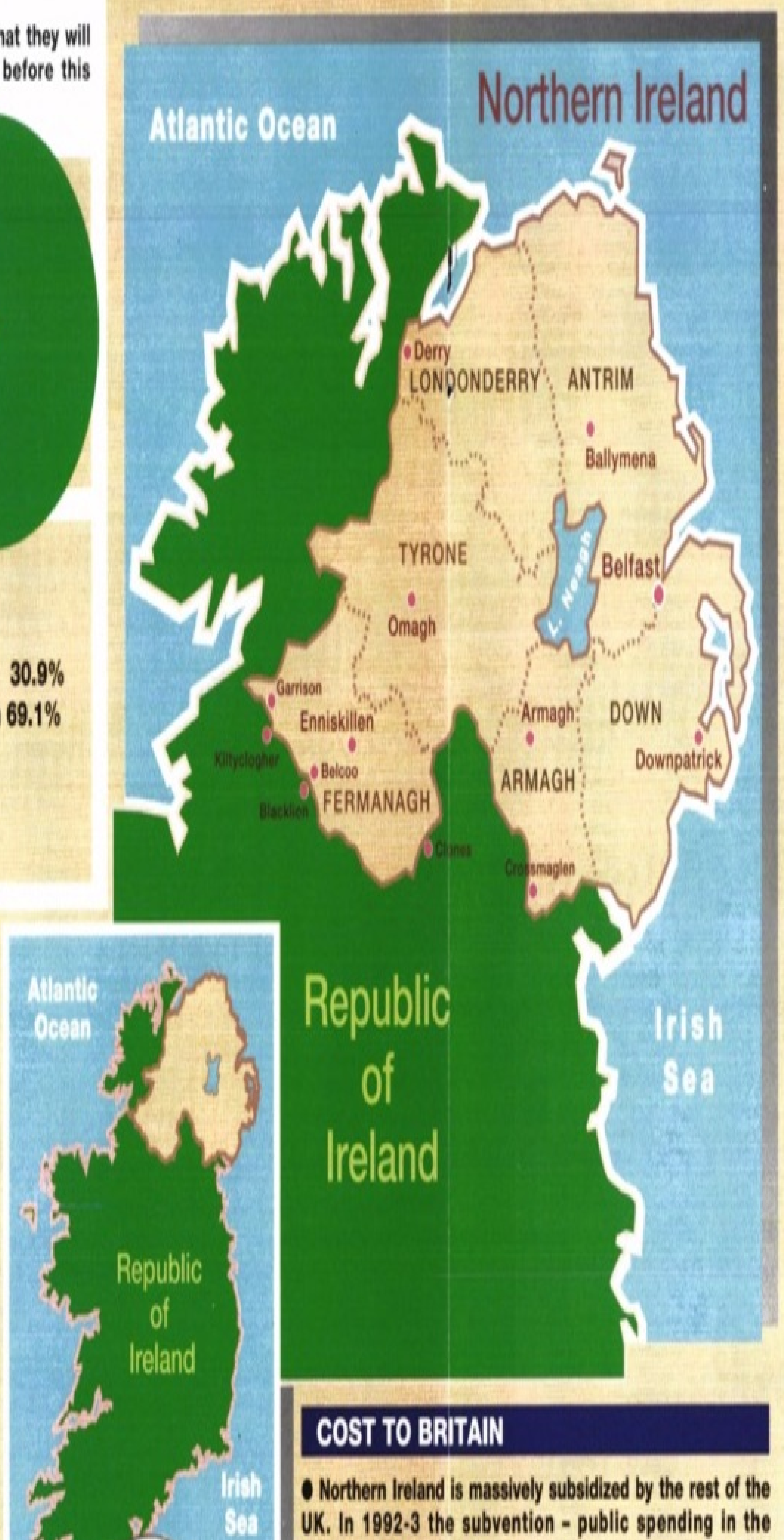
Northern Ireland is the poorest of the UK's regions, its GDP per capita being 74% of the European Union average.



GDP per capita, 1991, for selected European Union countries (EU average = 100%)[2]

Even this position for Northern Ireland is misleading – its economy is artificially kept at this level by vast subsidies from Britain. What was once the economic powerhouse of the Irish island has suffered from deindustrialization with a vengeance while the Irish Republic has an economy with much greater underlying strength. In the long term this might provide the North with an incentive for closer political ties.





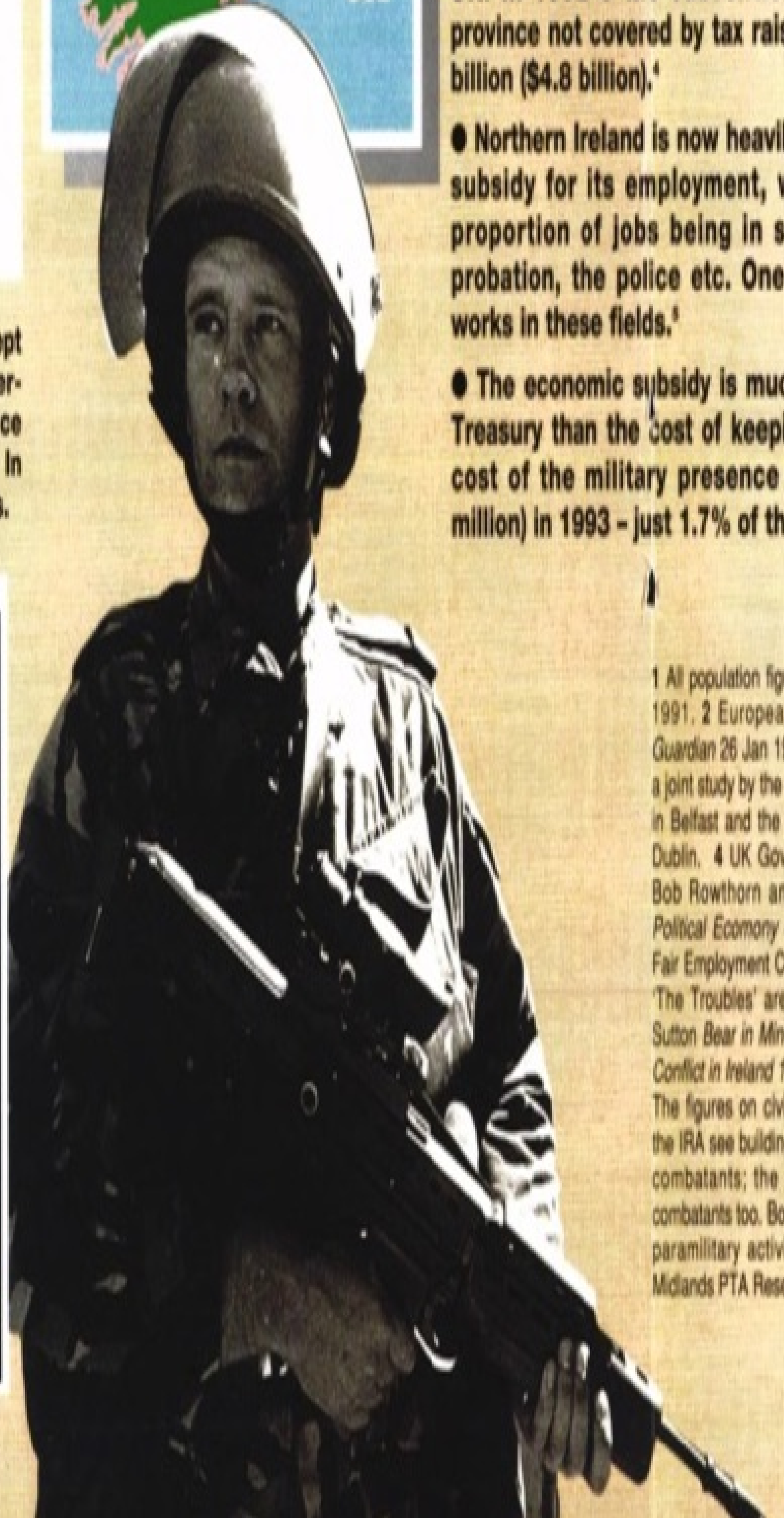


PHOTO OF SOLDIER: PAUL LOWE / NETWORK

COST TO BRITAIN

- Northern Ireland is massively subsidized by the rest of the UK. In 1992-3 the subvention – public spending in the province not covered by tax raised there – amounted to £3.3 billion ($4.8 billion).[4]
- Northern Ireland is now heavily dependent on direct British subsidy for its employment, with an extraordinarily high proportion of jobs being in security fields like prisons, probation, the police etc. One in ten Protestant men now works in these fields.[5]
- The economic subsidy is much more of a drain on the UK Treasury than the cost of keeping the Army there. The total cost of the military presence was £405.6 million ($592.2 million) in 1993 – just 1.7% of the total UK defence budget.[4]

SECURITY

There are 12,000 British soldiers in Northern Ireland. But responsibility for security is increasingly being devolved to forces drawn from the local population (almost entirely Protestants) such as the Royal Irish Regiment.

Make up of security forces, 31 December 1993

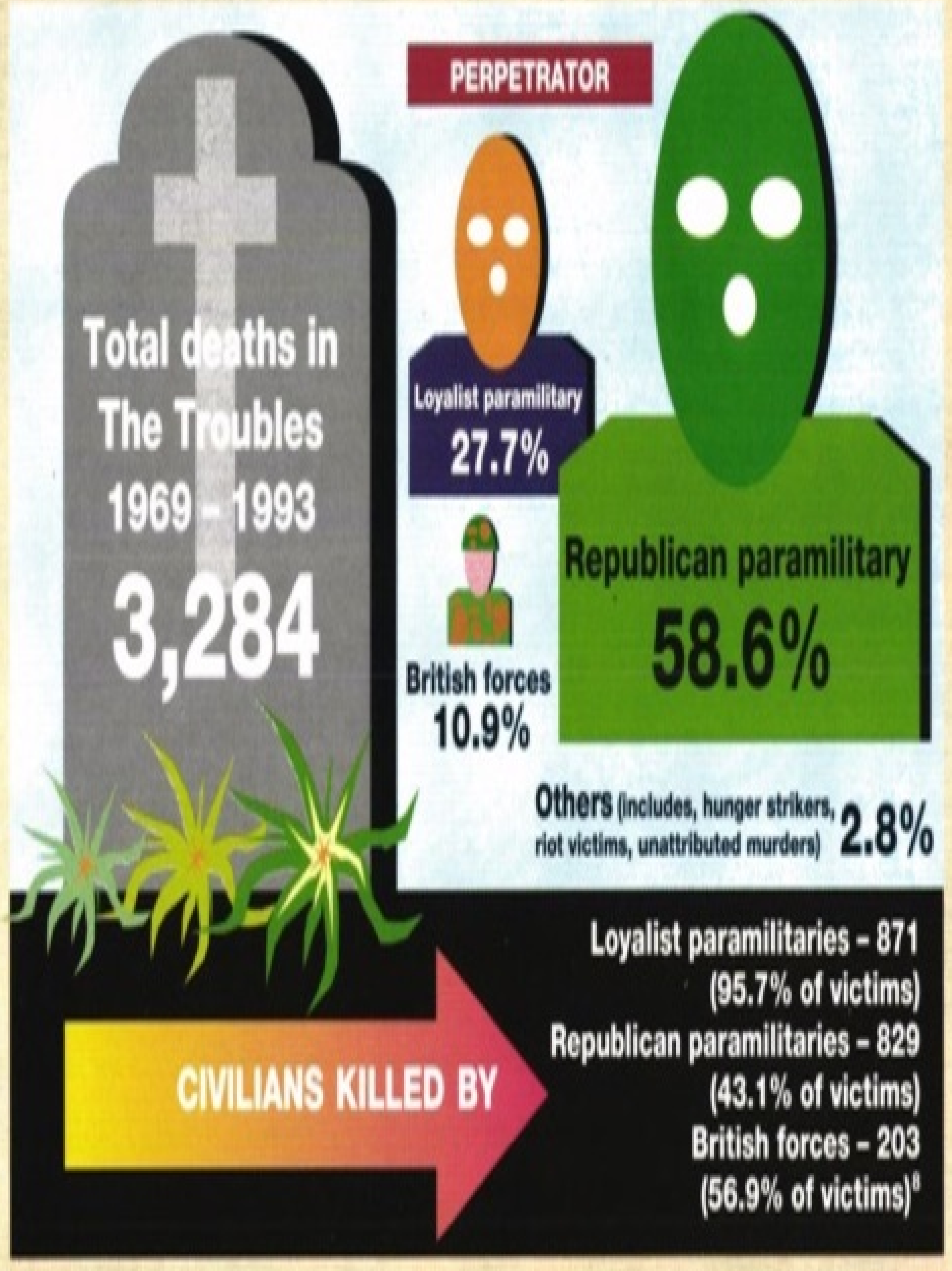
British Army	12,079
Royal Ulster Constabulary	8,464
RUC Reserve (part-time)	4,573
Royal Irish Regiment (locally recruited soldiers)	5,427
Total	30,543

- The Protestant make-up of the security forces is a major concern for Catholics given that files on more than 3,000 republicans have been passed by the police or army to loyalist paramilitary groups.

DEREK SPEIRS / REPORT

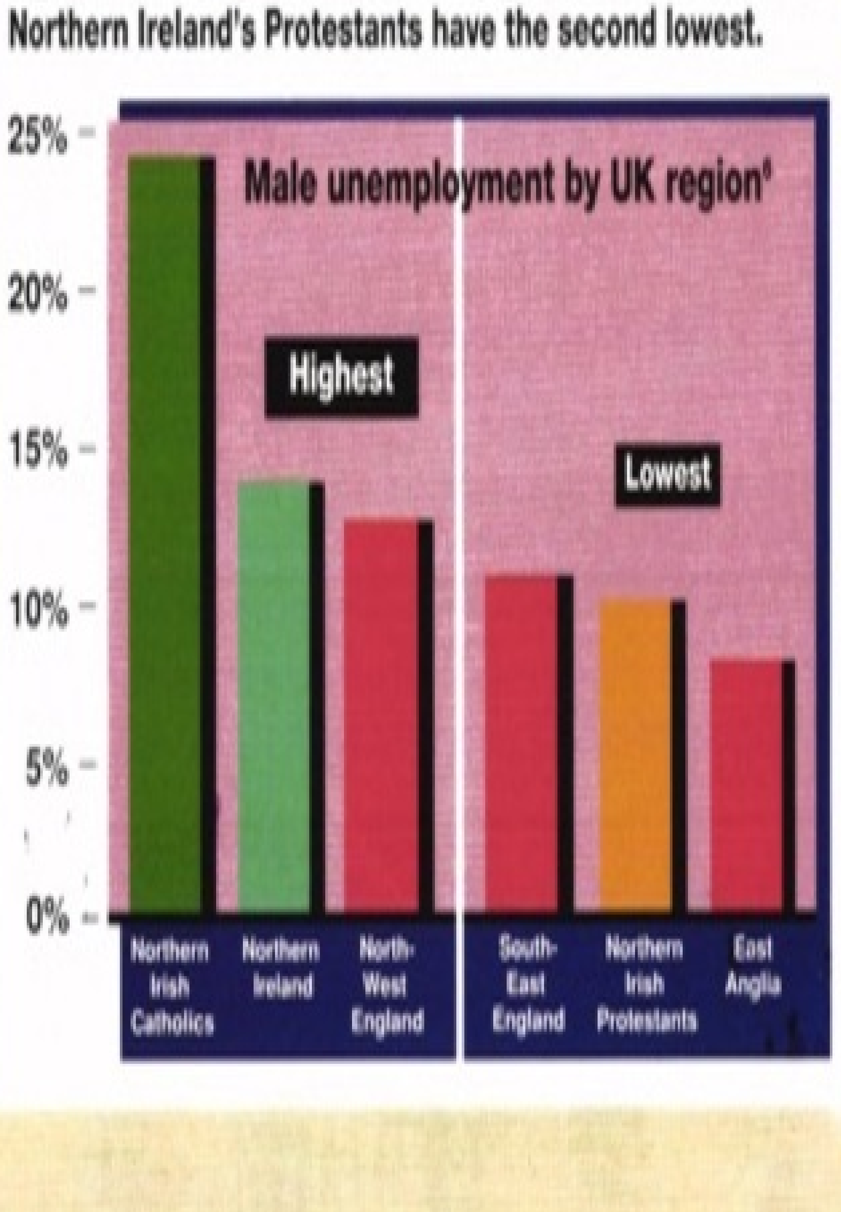
DEATHS

Terrorist bombs within Britain get much more publicity but 93 per cent of victims since the Troubles began have been within Northern Ireland. Republican paramilitary groups (particularly the IRA) have been responsible for more than half but loyalist paramilitary groups count a far higher proportion of civilians among their victims.[7]



DISCRIMINATION

Catholic men are 2.2 times more likely to be unemployed than Protestant men (the corresponding figure for women is 1.8 times). Northern Ireland Catholic men have the highest unemployment rate of any group in the UK, while Northern Ireland's Protestants have the second lowest.



The Prevention of Terrorism Act

Irish people suffer discrimination of a different kind due to the Prevention of Terrorism Act (PTA), under which people can be held without charge for seven days and excluded from Britain or Northern Ireland.

- 7,192 people were detained under the PTA between 1974 and 1992. Only 629 of these (8.7%) were subsequently charged.
- Each year between 1987 and 1990 86,000 people were 'examined' for more than an hour at the ports and airports under the PTA.[9]

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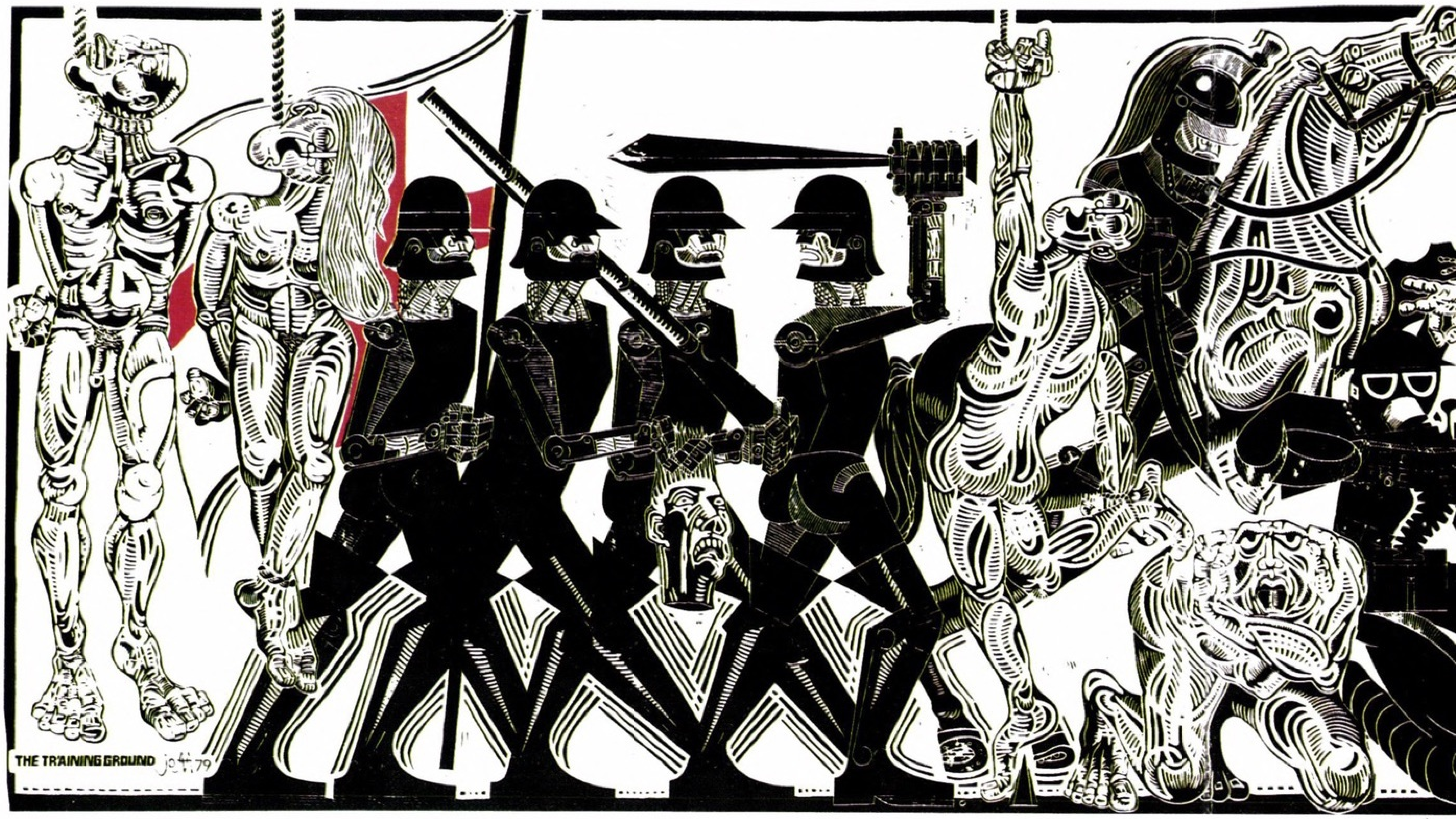
1 All population figures from UK and Irish censuses, both from 1991. 2 European Commission figures, reported in *The Guardian* 26 Jan 1994. 3 *Irish News* 30 Nov 1993, reporting on a joint study by the Northern Ireland Economic Research Centre in Belfast and the Economic and Social Research Institute in Dublin. 4 UK Government Northern Ireland Office figures. 5 Bob Rowthorn and Naomi Wayne, *Northern Ireland: The Political Ecomony of Conflict* (Polity 1988). 6 Northern Ireland Fair Employment Commission figures. 7 All figures on deaths in 'The Troubles' are taken from a forthcoming book: Malcolm Sutton *Bear in Mind These Dead: An Index of Deaths from the Conflict in Ireland 1969-1993* (Beyond the Pale, Belfast 1993). 8 The figures on civilian casualties are particularly contentious: the IRA see building contractors working for the British Army as combatants; the UDA consider Sinn Fein activists to be combatants too. Both these are included as civilian here, though paramilitary activists are included as combatants. 9 West Midlands PTA Research and Welfare Association.



THE TRAINING GROUND BY JEFF PERKS

The riotous and the righteous

*Ireland was Britain's first colony, and the British learned much there that they later applied in America, Asia and Africa. The Irish learned a lot too – but not always the right lessons, as **Bill Rolston** explains.*

During the famine years of the 1840s and 1850s, Ireland lost a quarter of its population through death and emigration. The ideology of laissez faire dominated political thought with the result that, although groups such as the Quakers made heroic efforts to relieve the famine, the British Government did nothing.

Not so the Choctaw Indians of Oklahoma. Fifteen years previously they had been forcibly moved from their traditional lands to a 'reservation' 600 miles away. During their forced march 14,000 had died. When the survivors heard of the events in Ireland, they collected $710 and sent it for famine relief.

In 1991 the circle was completed. AfrI, an Irish agency formed to aid famine victims in Africa, held the first of its annual famine marches in County Mayo and Hollis Roberts, chief of the Choctaws, led the march.

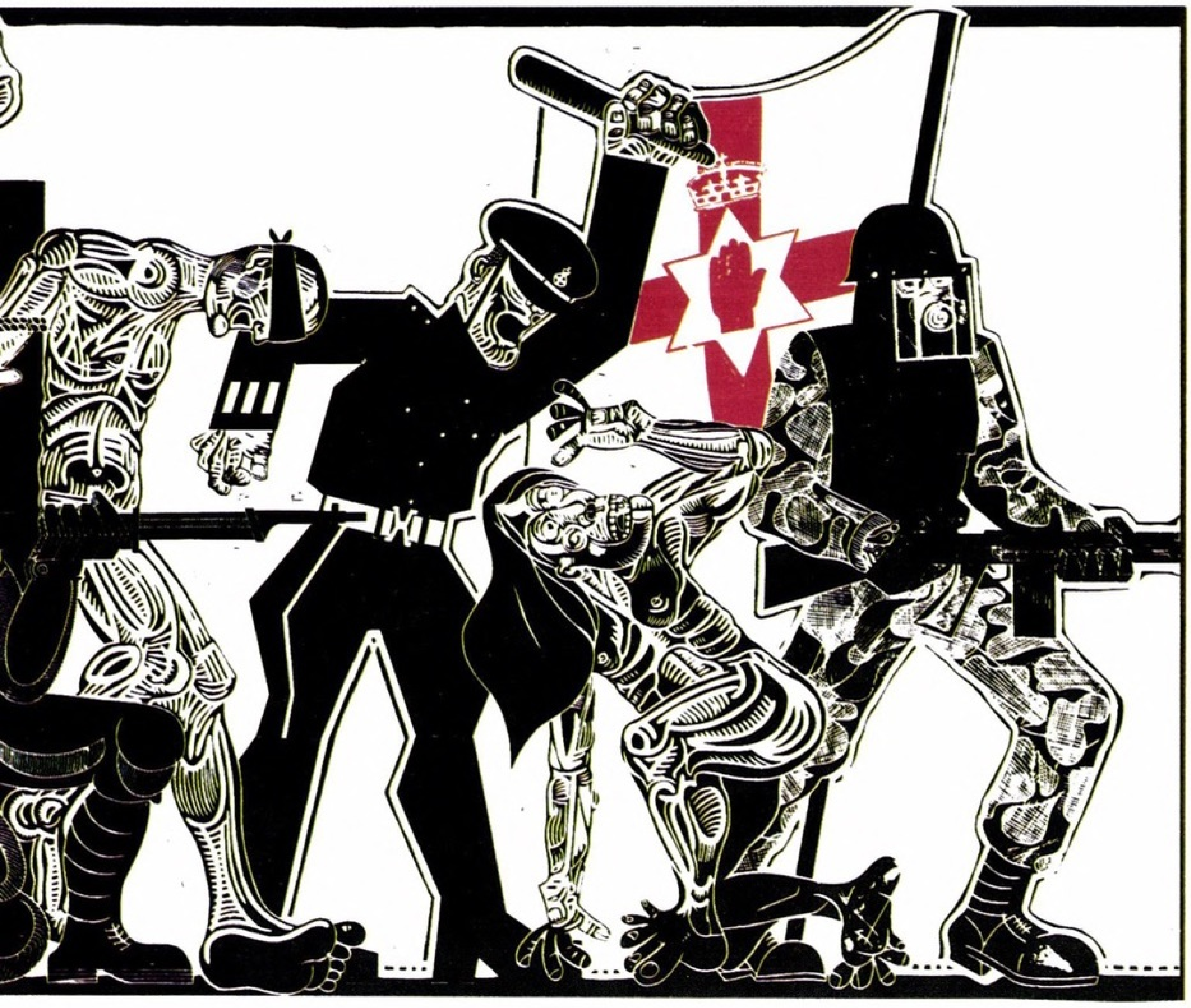
Philip Sheridan was born in the village of Killinkere, County Cavan in 1831. Years later he became a prominent general in charge of the massacre of the Plains Indians in the United States. He was ruthless and brutal: 'If a village is attacked and women and children are killed,' he said, 'the responsibility is not with the soldiers but with the people whose crimes necessitated the attack'. On another occasion, he spoke the infamous words: 'The only good Indians I ever saw were dead'.

In October 1992 Joanne Tall, a representative of the Oglala Sioux and descendant of those same Plains Indians, was welcomed in Killinkere. Two local men, Edward Sheridan and Gerry Clark, apologized to her on behalf of the Irish men who had participated in the genocide. Joanne Tall planted a maple tree near the house in which Philip Sheridan had been born.

It would be satisfying to believe that those two stories of links between oppressed peoples are the true legacy of Ireland's long apprenticeship in colonialism. The real inheritance could never be so neat. Ireland was Britain's first colony, its training ground for later imperial adventures and exploitations in America, Asia and Africa. And the conflict in the North is still permeated by the legacies of the colonial past.

Britain's oldest colony

By the time Columbus established a Spanish presence in the Americas, Ireland had already experienced centuries of colonization. But the new era of imperial



expansion which Columbus represented was to change the nature of Britain's interest in and treatment of Ireland.

Previously British influence on Ireland had been remarkably slight. The Normans had colonized Ireland since 1169, but their influence had for the most part been confined to a narrow strip on the east coast known as the Pale. Beyond the Pale Irish language, laws and customs prevailed and the Norman colonists were assimilated. Periodically this was a cause of concern to the Norman overlords in England. Such concern usually coincided with a fear that one of England's enemies would use Ireland as the back door through which to conquer England. The presence in Ireland of Normans who had become 'more Irish than the Irish themselves' was worrying. So laws were frequently enacted to ensure the separation of the colonists and the colonized – though they were spectacularly unsuccessful.

The Elizabethan conquest of Ireland in the late sixteenth century was driven by more global concerns than those of the Normans. Columbus's project in the previous century had been the first step in the creation of a global imperialism. Spain's greatest competitor in the imperial game was Britain, and Britain's oldest colony was now transformed from a remote area of no concern except when war threatened, to an integral link in the imperial chain.

As far as the Elizabethans were concerned, there was to be no part of Ireland that was beyond the Pale. Any means were justified in the country's conquest. Thus they planted Ulster with English and Scottish settlers; the Irish living on the lands confiscated for plantation were to be removed and British landlords were not to have any Irish tenants.

Savages for sacrifice

In 1183 a monk named Giraldus Cambrensis, a member of one of the main Norman families colonizing Ireland, wrote a book entitled *The History and Topography of Ireland*. It was a work of fiction designed to justify the Norman conquest of Ireland. Accordingly, Cambrensis accused the Irish of various vices, including laziness, treachery, blasphemy, idolatry, ignorance of Christian beliefs, incest and cannibalism.[1]

Remarkably, this bizarre and fictional account was the mainstay of English views of Ireland for the next 500 years. It was at the base of Elizabethan ideology when they came to plant Ireland. Consequently, the Irish were never 'noble savages' for the Elizabethans as the native peoples of the Caribbean were – albeit briefly – for Columbus. Elizabethan adventurers described the Irish as 'beasts, void of law and all good order...brutish in their customs'. As 'pagans', they were a legitimate 'sacrifice to God'.

Such beliefs helped to justify the deeds of ruthless military men such as Sir Humphrey Gilbert. His policy was to slaughter noncombatants on the grounds that the terror thus induced in the population 'made short wars'. After a battle he would have the severed heads of any Irish soldiers taken laid alongside the laneway to his tent.

At the same time as they were involved in the conquest of Ireland, the Elizabethans were colonizing North America. Though they originally saw the native inhabitants as 'noble savages' this soon ended, and the same terrorist methods which they had perfected in Ireland were transported to the American colonies. Among these techniques were: deliberately inciting competition between native groups so as to divide and rule; regarding any promises made to natives as invalid; and using false propaganda about natives to justify their repression or genocide.[2]

This arose not merely because similar conquests required similar strategies, but because frequently the same personnel were involved in the conquest of Ireland and America.[3] Their time in Ireland was in effect a period of apprenticeship. And Giraldus Cambrensis' fictions about the Irish people of the twelfth century were applied first to the American native people and later to Africans and Asians.

Joining the resistance

Throughout the world, the colonized responded in two ways: by resistance and by incorporation. The Irish were no exception.

There are too many examples of Irish resistance to colonialism to mention. They range from cultural resistance in song and poetry to rebellions – the most notable of which were those of the United Irishmen in 1798, the Young Irelanders in 1848, and of course the Easter Rising of 1916, followed by the War of Independence between 1919 and 1921.

But resistance was not confined to Ireland itself. Take the Caribbean. The British established sugar plantations for which they needed labourers. Originally these labourers came from Britain and Ireland, mostly indentured servants persuaded to emigrate because of the promise of land at the end of their service.

But many of the early labourers were there involuntarily. Prisoners were sold to planters and there was a lucrative trade in kidnapping. At one point Oliver Cromwell's son Henry attempted to suppress Irish Catholicism by transporting young people between 12 and 14 years of age.

The Irish labourers were 'a riotous and unruly lot', both individually and collectively.[4] In 1666 on the Island of St Kitts the Irish settlers rebelled and enabled the

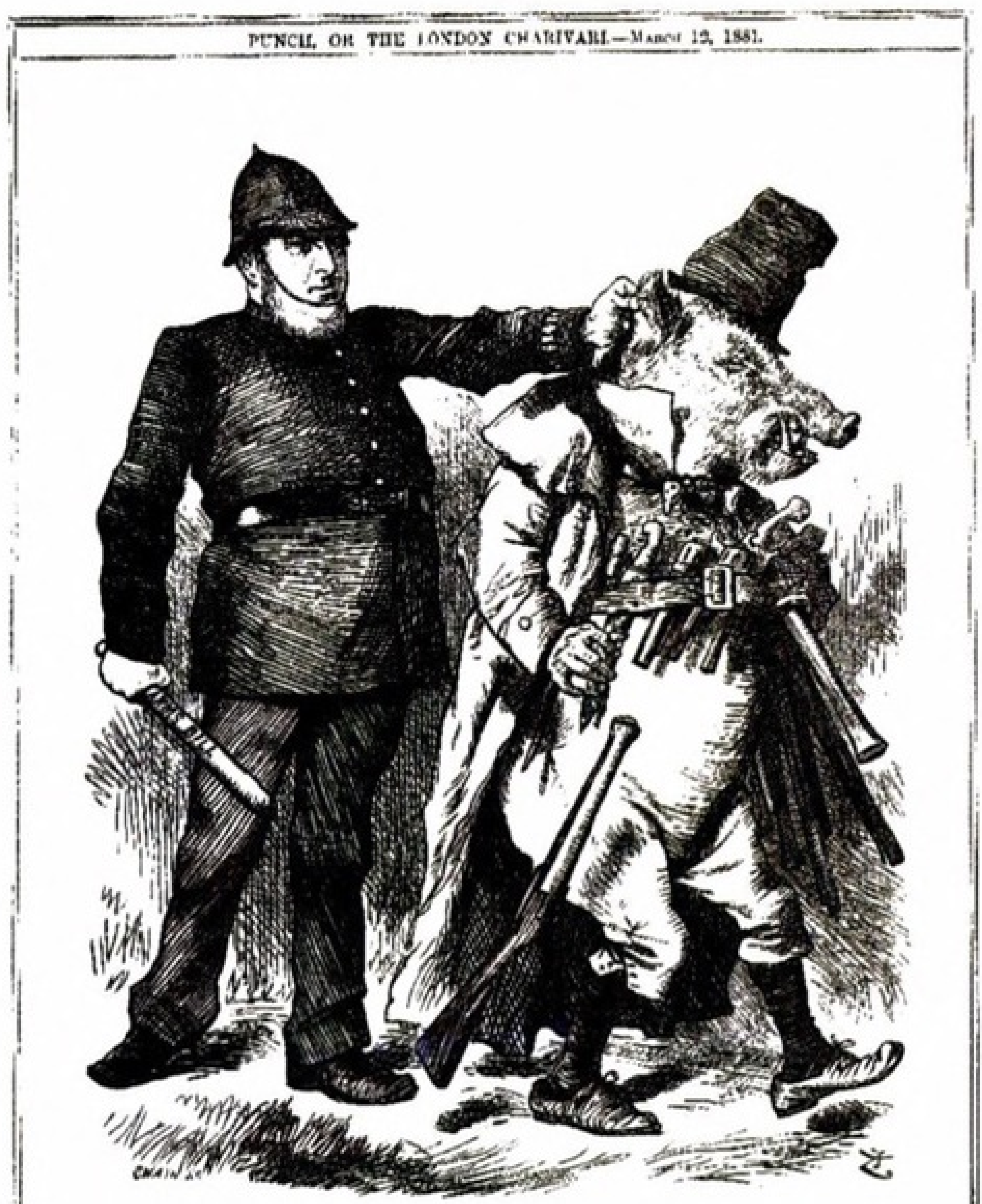
French to take control of the island. The following year, the Irish on Montserrat did likewise. In 1609, when word reached the Caribbean of William of Orange's accession to the English throne, the Irish again revolted on St Kitts and plundered English estates in support of the ousted Catholic King James.[5]

English landowners and administrators in Barbados constantly feared that Irish labourers were scheming to engage in joint rebellions with black slaves – and this fear was at the root of the planters' determination to switch to using exclusively African slave labour.

That Irish labourers could envisage joining with black slaves in rebellion shows that the experience of colonization led some to commit themselves to justice and human rights for people other than themselves. Such a conclusion was not confined to the Irish abroad. Take the case of Thomas McCabe, a Belfast jeweller and a United Irishman. In 1786, some of Belfast's richest merchants met to discuss ways in which to become involved in the lucrative British slave trade. As they prepared to sign a document forming a slave-trade company, they were interrupted by McCabe. 'May God wither the hand and consign the name to eternal infamy of the man who will sign that document.' The threat worked. Unlike Bristol and Liverpool, Belfast was not drawn into the slave trade.

Another example is that of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, who fought successfully for Catholic emancipation and unsuccessfully for the Repeal of the Act of Union. He was an unusual mixture of ardent monarchist and implacable opponent of slavery. Advisers urged him to tone down his message during fundraising tours in the US but he refused. He would not accept any subscriptions to his Repeal Association from slave owners. 'I want no American aid if it comes across the Atlantic stained in Negro blood.'

English beauty, Irish beast – as seen by *Punch* in 1881.


PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—March 12, 1881.
THE PIG THAT WON'T "PAY THE RINT!"

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

Drinking in racism

But there was another side to the ideology of the colonized. Take the Young Irelanders, a movement in the 1840s whose members wrote stirring prose and poetry and designed Ireland's national flag.

Their most prominent member was John Mitchel, who was transported to Tasmania for his part in the 1848 rebellion. He eventually escaped and settled in the southern US. There he became a staunch defender of slavery. 'I consider negro slavery here the best state of existence for the negro and the best for his master; and I consider that taking negros out of their brutal slavery in Africa and promoting them to a human and reasonable slavery here is also good.' During the Civil War Mitchel was jailed for his outspoken support for the Confederacy.

Sixty years later, Arthur Griffith, first President of the Irish Free State, wrote in his introduction to Mitchel's *Jail Journal*: 'His views on negro-slavery have been deprecatingly excused, as if excuse were needed for an Irish Nationalist declining to hold the negro his peer in right. When the Irish Nation needs explanation or apology for John Mitchel, the Irish Nation will need its shroud.'[6]

The views of Mitchel and Griffith are in stark contrast to those of American black leaders on Ireland. They empathized with the sufferings of the Irish peasantry and praised the attempts of Irish revolutionaries to win freedom and independence.

A contemporary of Mitchel, the black leader Frederick Douglass, said after a visit to Ireland. 'They have been long oppressed; and the same heart that prompts me to plead the cause of the American bondsman, makes it impossible for me not to sympathize with the oppressed of all lands.'

Marcus Garvey also supported the Irish struggle for liberation. In 1921 his Universal Negro Improvement Association had its Second Convention in New York City, and resolved to send cables of support 'to Mahatma Gandhi, sympathizing with him in his efforts for a free India; Eamon de Valera, in his fight for Irish independence; and to King George V of England, stating that nothing would please the Negro peoples more (except the freedom of Africa) than the emancipation of Ireland, India and Egypt'.

Divided loyalties

The narrow vision of Mitchel and Griffith on the one hand; the internationalism of McCabe and O'Connell on the other: these are the two sides of Ireland's colonial legacy. Contradictory as they may appear, resistance and collaboration can coexist in one national consciousness.

That the experience of colonial oppression has – paradoxically – its positive side continues to be shown even in simple ways such as the disproportionately high contribution that Irish people make to aid agencies working in the underdeveloped world. Similarly the official stance of neutrality of the Irish Republic – albeit under threat from developments in both the European Union and the United Nations – results from Ireland's experience of being a colonized nation rather than a colonizer.

At the same time racism exists in Ireland towards the small minorities of African and Asian immigrants as well as towards Ireland's indigenous minority, the Travelling community. And the Irish abroad can be just as racist as their imperialist hosts, as Bernadette McAliskey (then Devlin) found out when she visited the US in the early 1970s.[7]

'I was not very long there until, like water, I found my own level. "My people" – the people who know about oppression, discrimination, prejudice, poverty and the frustration and despair that they produce – were not Irish Americans. They were black, Puerto Rican, Chicano. And those who were supposed to be "my people", the Irish Americans who know about English misrule and the Famine and supported the civil-rights movement at home, and knew that Partition and England were the cause of the problem, looked and sounded to me like Orangemen. They said exactly the same things about blacks that the loyalists said about us at home. In New York I was given the key to the city by the mayor, an honour not to be sneezed at. I gave it to the Black Panthers.' ■

Bill Rolston is lecturer in sociology at the University of Ulster at Jordanstown.

1 Gerald of Wales, *The History and Topography of Ireland*, Penguin 1988. **2** Francis Jennings, *The Invasion of America*, University of North Carolina Press 1975. **3** Bernard Sheehan, *Savagism and Civility*, Cambridge University Press 1980. **4** Hilary Beckles, 'A "riotous and unruly lot"' *William and Mary Quarterly*, vol 47, 1950. **5** Richard S Dunn, *Sugar and Slaves*, University of North Carolina Press 1972. **6** John Mitchel, *Jail Journal*, MH Gill & Son 1913. **7** Bernadette McAliskey, 'A Peasant in the Halls of the Great', in Michael Farrell (ed.) *Twenty Years On*, Dingle, Brandon 1988.

View from the world

International opinions on Northern Ireland have never been welcomed by the British Government – all the more reason for the NI to open the door and let in a few of those perspectives.

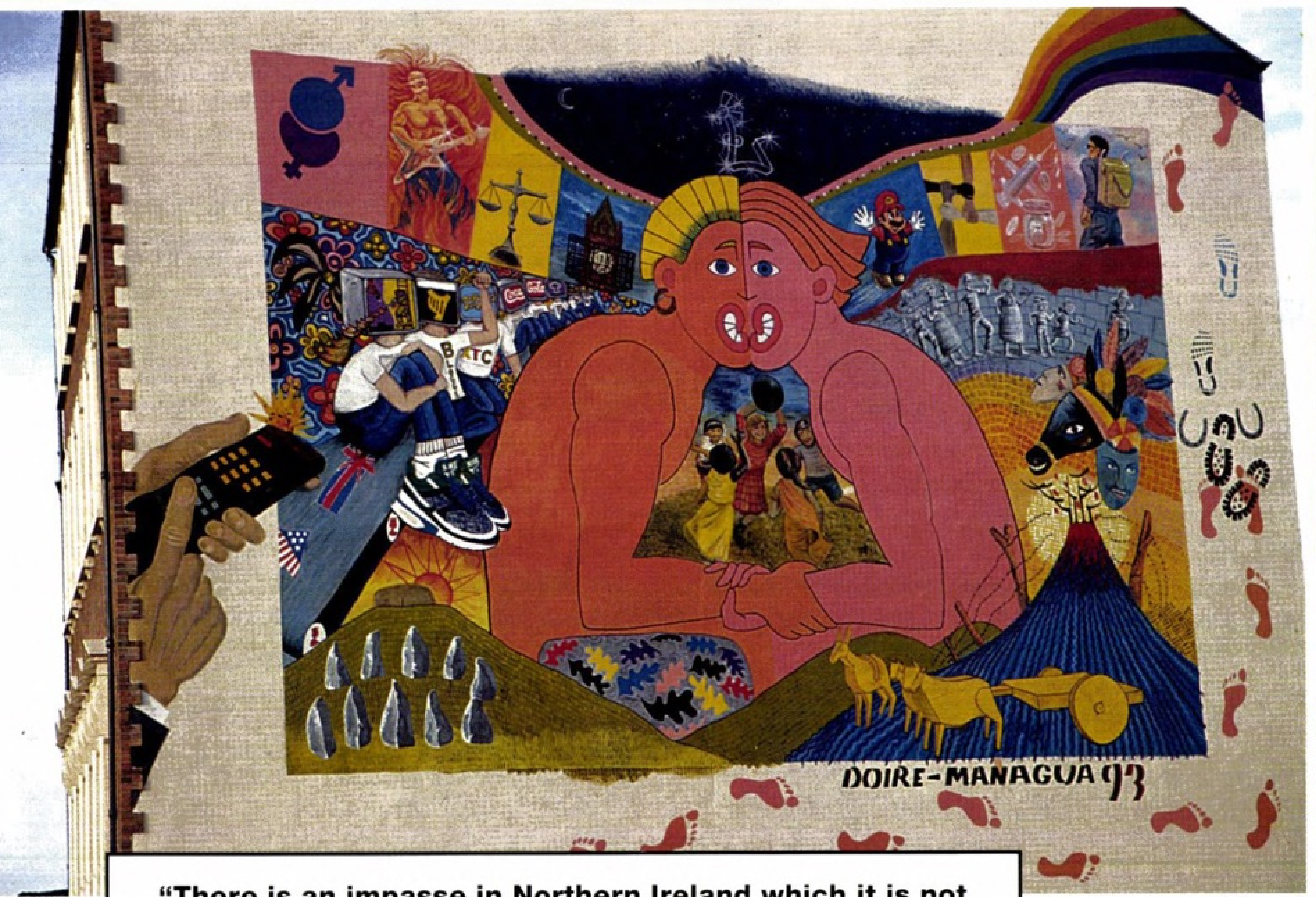
"I have a big estimation for the Great Britain people...and personally for John Major...he's an intellectual...a good man. I know we can discuss many problems. Maybe a good solution of his problem in Ireland [would be]...to include all Ireland in Great Britain...Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England – Great Britain!"

Vladimir Zhirinovsky, Russian right-wing politician.

"What we would like to see is that the British Government and the IRA should adopt precisely the line we have taken with regard to our own internal situation. There is nothing better than opponents sitting down to resolve problems in a peaceful manner."

Nelson Mandela, African National Congress, On a visit to Dublin, 1990.

LEFT: CHRIS BRAZIER; BELOW: SHEILA GRAY / FORMAT



"There is an impasse in Northern Ireland which it is not easy to see how to resolve. You might see a softening at the edges, a greater willingness to step over the barriers. Common schools [integrated education of Catholics and Protestants] are one sign of this; the talks between John Hume and Gerry Adams were another and that's why I signed a petition urging the British Government to take them seriously.

"But I think a more general settlement will only come about if Europe moves towards regionalization, offering more autonomy to its culturally distinct regions like Catalonia and the Basque country in Spain, and Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland in the UK. For the moment the difference between Protestants and Catholics in terms of poverty, class and human rights is very marked."

Noam Chomsky, celebrated US linguist and political thinker.

FATHER
OF
-FREEDOM-
MANDELA
THE FUTURE BELONGS TO YOU!

"It should be recalled that in Ireland the 1922 peace agreement brought neither calm nor resolution of the conflict. On the contrary, the signing of that agreement and the establishment of the Irish Republic were followed by a bloody civil war. The cruel killings in the 1920s are engraved upon my childhood memories and remain among the first impressions in my life. In our case, too, we can expect the historic agreement with the PLO to be followed for a long time by violent clashes and terrorism. The powder keg still holds enough explosives, and there are enough elements around wishing to ignite the fuse."

Chaim Herzog, the sixth president of Israel, who was born and raised in Ireland.

"One parallel between the situation in Kashmir and that in Northern Ireland is the debate over whether the authorities should talk to terrorists. This has created almost as much acrimony in India as it has in Britain, with many people deploring the 'soft line' of the Indian Government when it negotiated with terrorists during the Hazratbal siege in Srinagar last year: a continuous dialogue with the militants was carried on quite openly and there was much outrage from hardliners when the Government decided to provide the besieged terrorists with food. But the Indian votaries of a softer approach may have been emboldened by the peacemongering in Northern Ireland."

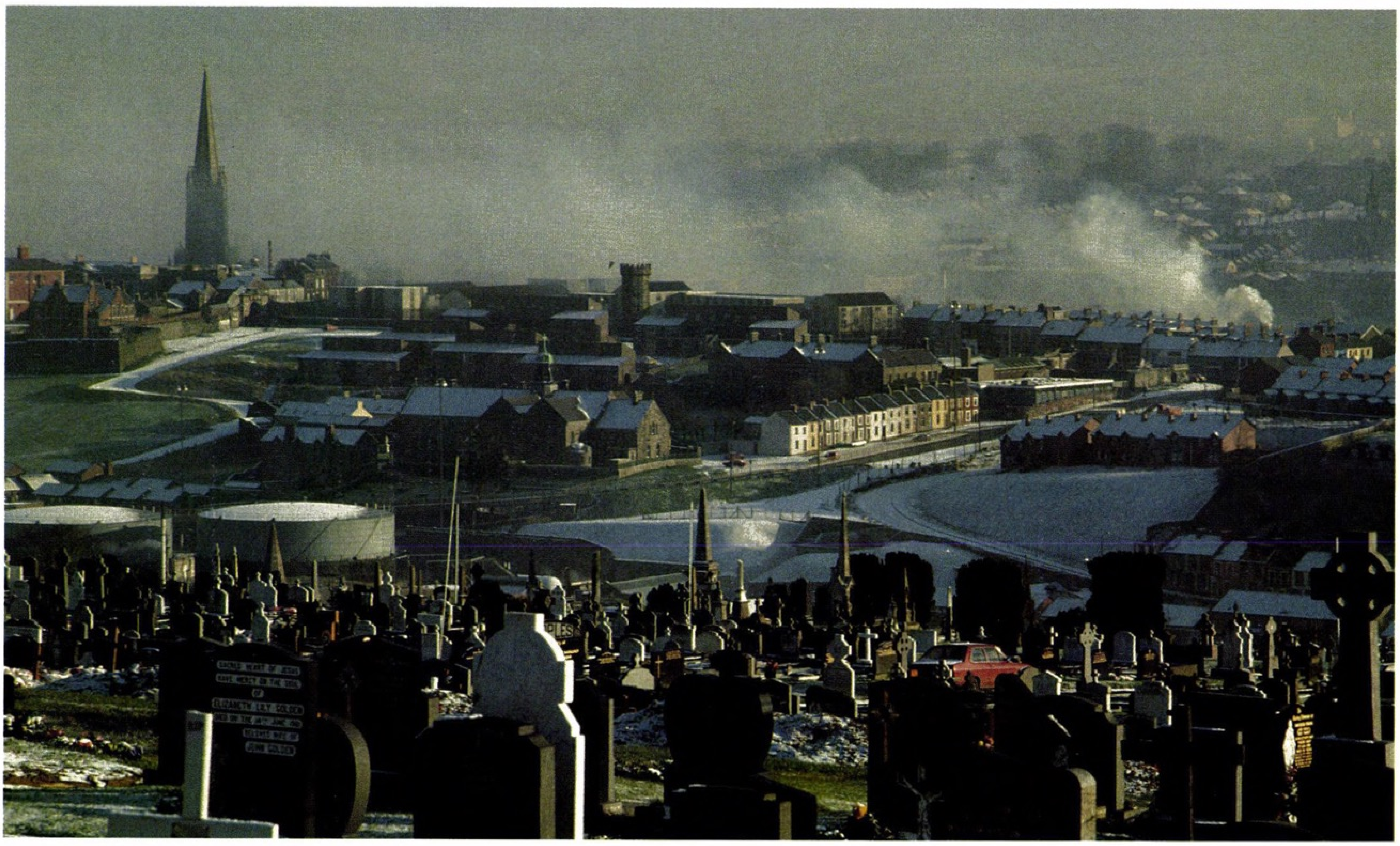
Patralekha Chatterjee, Indian journalist currently living in Britain.

"As a Guatemalan I was impressed at the similarities between the situation in Northern Ireland and that in my own country: at the intensity of the discrimination, the small space for debate and public discussion, the abuse of physical power by the authorities and the lack of a serious justice system."

Frank La Rue, Guatemalan human-rights lawyer, now returning home after working in exile as Director of the Centre for Human Rights Legal Action in Washington, DC.

"Ireland's 'troubles' are rooted in British colonialism. The legacy of colonialism these many generations later is the ongoing power struggle between the heirs of the colonizers and the heirs of the colonized. There will have to be a complete restructuring of power and wealth in Ireland, done in full recognition of this colonial history and aimed at creating a new form of unity. Until this happens, I don't think the 'troubles' will end."

Mary Ann O'Connor, an Irish-American now working for Oxfam Canada.



DEREK SPEIRS / REPORT

Will the hard men fall to loving?

Even after a peace agreement there will be wounds to heal, tough issues to resolve. ***Dave Duggan*** *looks to the Third World for hints as to how his home city of Derry might face the future.*

In Irish mythology the Morrigan is one of the goddesses of the underworld. It is said that these were the deities of the *Tuatha De Danann* (people of the Goddess Danu) who inhabited Ireland before the Celts. Banished by the Celts, they went to live underground and became our fairy people. The mythology and history of Ireland is full of stories of comings and goings, planting and supplanting. And over all this activity the Goddesses have watched, different ones gaining prominence as times changed.

For over 20 years now the Morrigan has cast her shadow over Ireland. She is the Goddess of War, often appearing as a raven, spreading her great wings over all of us. More recently the talk has been of peace and the possibility of conflicts coming to an end. It is as if we were lifting the shadow of the Morrigan and letting in the light of Danu, Goddess of Peace and Plenty.

But we are still anxious and unsure. What is stopping us from imagining the future? And can we make the leap of imagination required to bring on the light?

In Nicaragua groups of Contras and Sandinistas have come together to pressurize their government on land issues. In El Salvador associations of war wounded have been formed because people who were opposed to each other during the war now find that they have common interests. This, of course, is not without its problems – it's not easy to start suddenly lining up in common with people you've been fighting against for years.

Could this kind of reconciliation happen in Ireland? At the moment even reconciliation activists note that the 'hard men' don't participate in their work. A few years ago a man I knew called Cecil McKnight was killed by the IRA. Active in loyalist paramilitary politics, Cecil was also engaged in tentative dialogues outside his community, quite literally testing the bridge between the two sides because our city is divided by the River Foyle, with the Protestant and Catholic communities identifying in large measure with its opposite banks. Last year an IRA man called Tony Miller was convicted of Cecil's killing and is now serving a life sentence. I know Tony's family and wonder how they will imagine the future for themselves and their city. Will it include the possibility of bridge-building with Cecil's family? Because it is in the lives of such people that the deepest reconciliations will be found, lives linked by common experiences of unemployment, a shrinking welfare state and an increasingly distant public bureaucracy. Structures have to emerge that enable and enhance this reconciliation. Building peace won't be easy. Where in the world is it easy?

In Palestine a peace accord may have been signed by leaders but it is not yet making any difference to people on the ground – after the Hebron Massacre you could even argue that the peace accord has made things worse. Peace negotiations came unstuck in Guatemala after three years with claims that the government side was intent on war. And in Ireland tentative steps towards a peace process have been bogged down in issues of 'clarification' and 'prenegotiation'. It seems as if there is no guarantee that formal peace agreements will bring new circumstances of life for people.

In Ireland much will depend on what sort of new structures are put in place. At the moment when I go two miles outside the edge of my city I am going to another European country, also called Ireland. It is impossible to imagine any long-term peace here that did not address the border question. Every time I cross it to visit friends, do work or take some ease I am treading a minefield of Irish history. And in recent years the border checkpoints have become more and more militarized.

When I put my six-year-old daughter to bed at night I shudder as I pull the curtains in her bedroom because through the window I can see the top of the huge observation tower that dominates Rosemount, the area of Derry where I live. The security argument runs that the towers will remain as long as the IRA threat does. Soldiers are stationed there and with their high-tech equipment can monitor the people of the area in their most private moments. Last year when the newspapers were full of the story of Princess Diana being photographed while exercising in a private gym, letters appeared in one of my local papers saying that soldiers in the tower were shouting down at young women passing by. They were able to say what posters the young women had on their walls, what furnishings they had in their bedrooms, what clothes they wore in their own homes. This particular 'invasion of privacy scandal' never made the international press.

Across the city a huge new fortified police station has gone up right next to a primary and nursery school. Lisnagelvin School serves a largely Protestant population and in general the parents of the children understand and probably support the notion that security installations are necessary as long as the IRA threat remains. Yet when I visited the school I heard various parents and staff express misgivings about the new police station. Ironically it was built soon after the Gulf War when the whole idea of having security installation next to built-up areas was decried. For the people of the Lisnagelvin and Rosemount areas these installations only serve to provide insecurity, the very opposite of their supposed purpose.

UVF
FOR GOD AND ULSTER
BELFAST
REGIM
1914

Facing page: view from Derry city cemetery; IRA (left) and loyalist (above) – when will their guns be silenced?

BOTH PHOTOS: PACEMAKER PRESS INTERNATIONAL

And still the IRA and loyalist paramilitary threat remains. Their violence could form no part of any future worth imagining. But even if they did agree to lay down their arms, what to do with all the weaponry? A Republican friend told me that the IRA may only hand weapons over to an agency which has all-Ireland authority – a notion unlikely to find favour with the British, let alone the unionists. And even then certain sections of the IRA might decide to fight on. This process of peace is a fragile one. In Angola a peace process collapsed on this very issue of demobilization and demilitarization. Elections ended in a rerun of the civil war.

Even if the guns can all be silenced, will we just walk away from the horror of the longest undeclared war in recent European history? Will the British Army officers who ordered the Bloody Sunday massacre, when 13 unarmed civilians were killed on the streets of this city 22 years ago, be charged with war crimes? Will leaders of the UVF and UDA face war-crimes tribunals for years of bitter sectarian killing? Will IRA leaders face boards of inquiry into no-warning bomb operations, kneecappings, killings of so-called legitimate targets? Or will we just move on, swallowing hard, sweetening the bitter pill of forgetting with a large dollop of money?

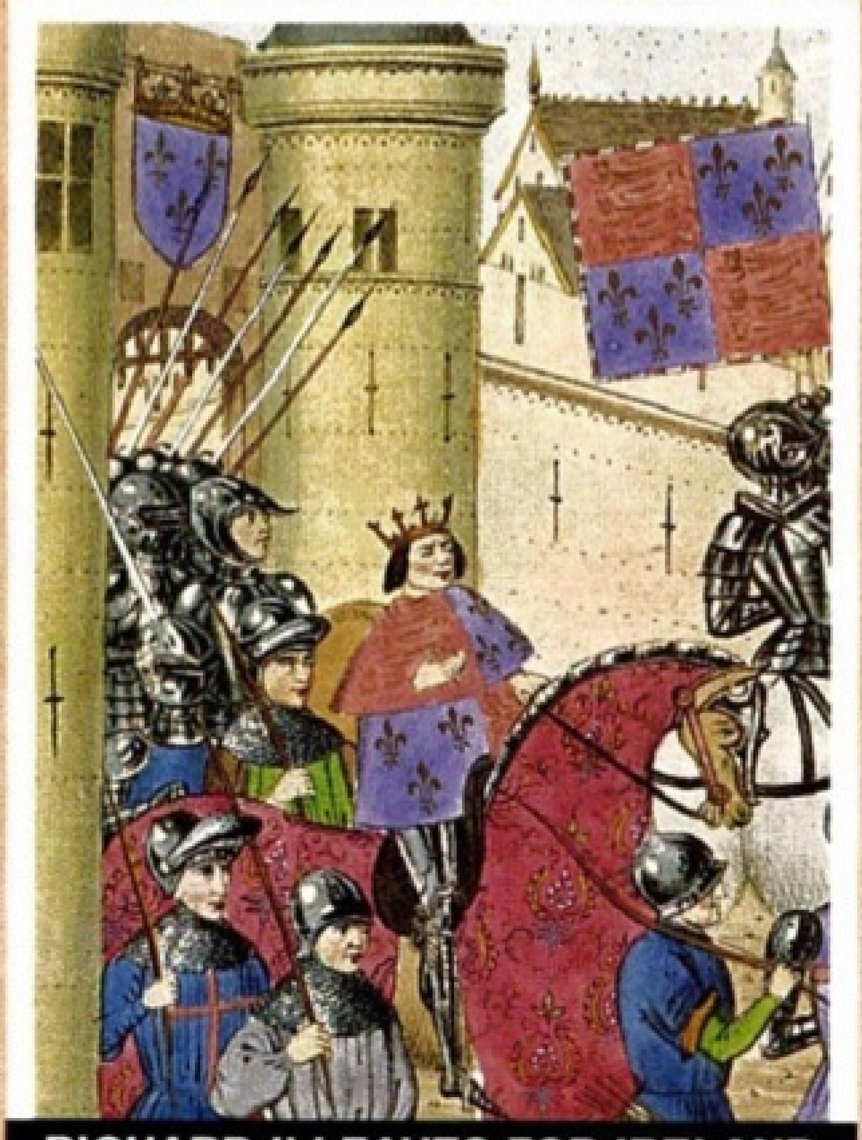
The conventional wisdom is that there is a queue of international capitalists just waiting offshore to pour money into Ireland once the conflict is over. They can't wait to get at our educated and willing labour force and to use us as a backdoor into the lucrative European market. European and American money is also promised in the form of subventions, grants and loans in an attempt to relaunch the economy here. And who in their right mind could complain about that as part of an imagined future? Except that real worries exist about the ability of the 'throw money at it' solution to cope with a shattered manufacturing base, crumbling infrastructure and massive long-term unemployment. Will we become the green leisureland of Europe, bristling with low-paid jobs in services and tourism? Unfortunately the economic future is also linked to the political framework and the question of the border comes up again. Ian Young, a Protestant entrepreneur, said on my local radio station that he could do business in an all-Ireland context. Is that the sort of economic pragmatism that will shape our future?

Ian Young comes from the tradition that calls this city Londonderry. This was the name given at the time of the copperfastening of colonization in the seventeenth century. Common usage and the nationalist tradition name the city Derry. In a neat way the very naming of the place highlights the possibility of cultural difficulty and conflict. Imagining a future where these cultural differences act as a bedrock of riches from which we could draw is very attractive.

There is no doubt that by raising all these questions we will be helping to lift the shadow of the Morrigan. Like other communities around the world who are building new societies in the wake of conflict, we will only make our imagined futures real by creating options for ourselves. More and more people have to become involved, reaching for the edges of the shadow of war, folding and turning them back, letting in the light so that we can see ourselves more clearly and face our futures in hope. With the benevolent gaze of Danu, Goddess of Peace and Plenty, beaming down upon us. ■

Dave Duggan lives in Derry, where he works as a writer, broadcaster and trainer in conflict resolution.

Simply... a brief history of Britain's 'adventures' in Ireland



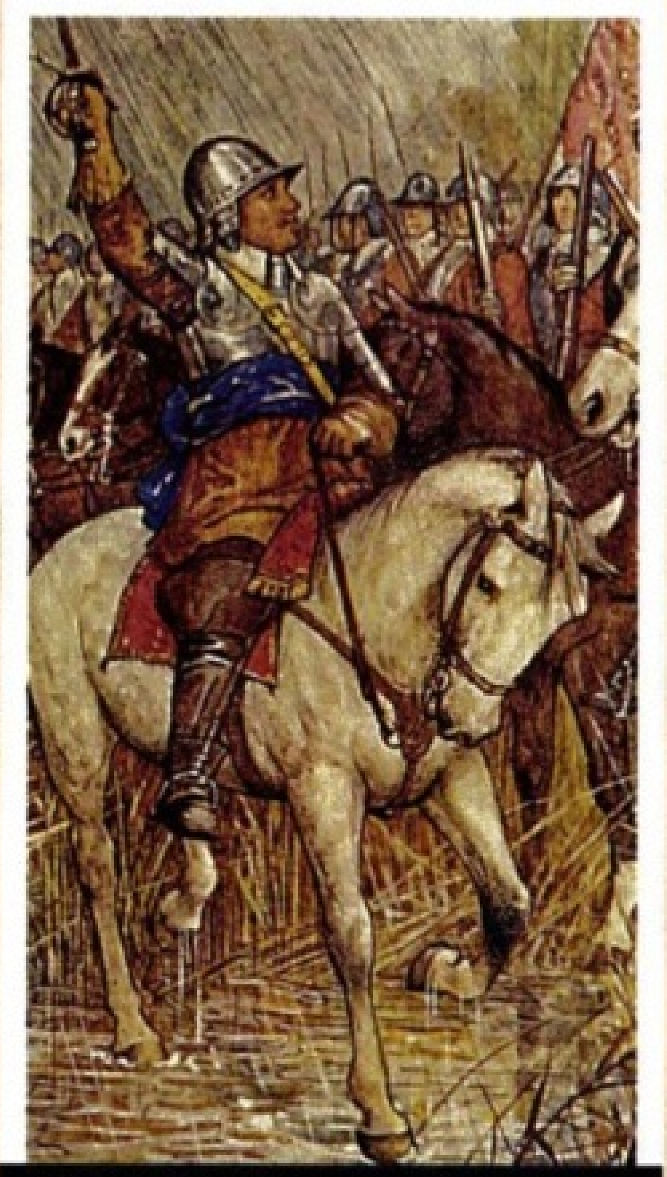
RICHARD II LEAVES FOR IRELAND

1 Beyond the Pale

GAELIC IRELAND'S relatively egalitarian social system holds land in common, elects its kings – and its culture produces the oldest vernacular epic in west European literature, the *Tain Bo Cuaihge*. From 1169 Ireland is invaded for the first time by the Normans under King Henry II of England, who has already been 'given' the country by Pope Adrian IV (an Englishman). Dublin is captured and colonized but English control over the next three centuries seldom extends further than the small strip of land around Dublin called the Pale. Henry VIII makes more headway, forcing local kings to trade in their native titles for anglicized ones – so Conn Bacach O'Neill of Tir Eoghain becomes the first Earl of Tyrone. Still Ireland is hard to subdue. The colonizing of Ulster, first disastrously attempted by the Elizabethans, takes off in 1607 – the same year as the first boats of colonists leave for the New World. Colonizers, who include everyone from fugitive criminals to City of London financiers, are required to clear their estates completely of native Irish but in practice find they need them as labourers.

2 The judgement of God

ALL COLONISTS have to take an oath of allegiance to Protestantism as a condition of getting their land. The dispossessed native Irish are Catholic, which gives them a double reason for resentment. In 1641 this turns to rebellion – 12,000 settlers are killed, most from exposure and hunger as they straggle towards safer territory. The Catholic rebellion is put down the following year but real revenge comes after the English Civil War when Oliver Cromwell's army puts all but 30 people of the town of Drogheda to the sword – 2,600 of them. 'I am persuaded,' he says, ' that this is the righteous judgement of God upon those barbarous wretches...' He swiftly follows it with another massacre at Wexford. Between 1641 and 1651 the Irish population is halved – 616,000 die as a result of conflict, hunger and disease, while 100,000 are transported, mostly to the West Indies. All Catholics in Ulster have their land confiscated. By the 1680s the plantation of Ulster has succeeded.

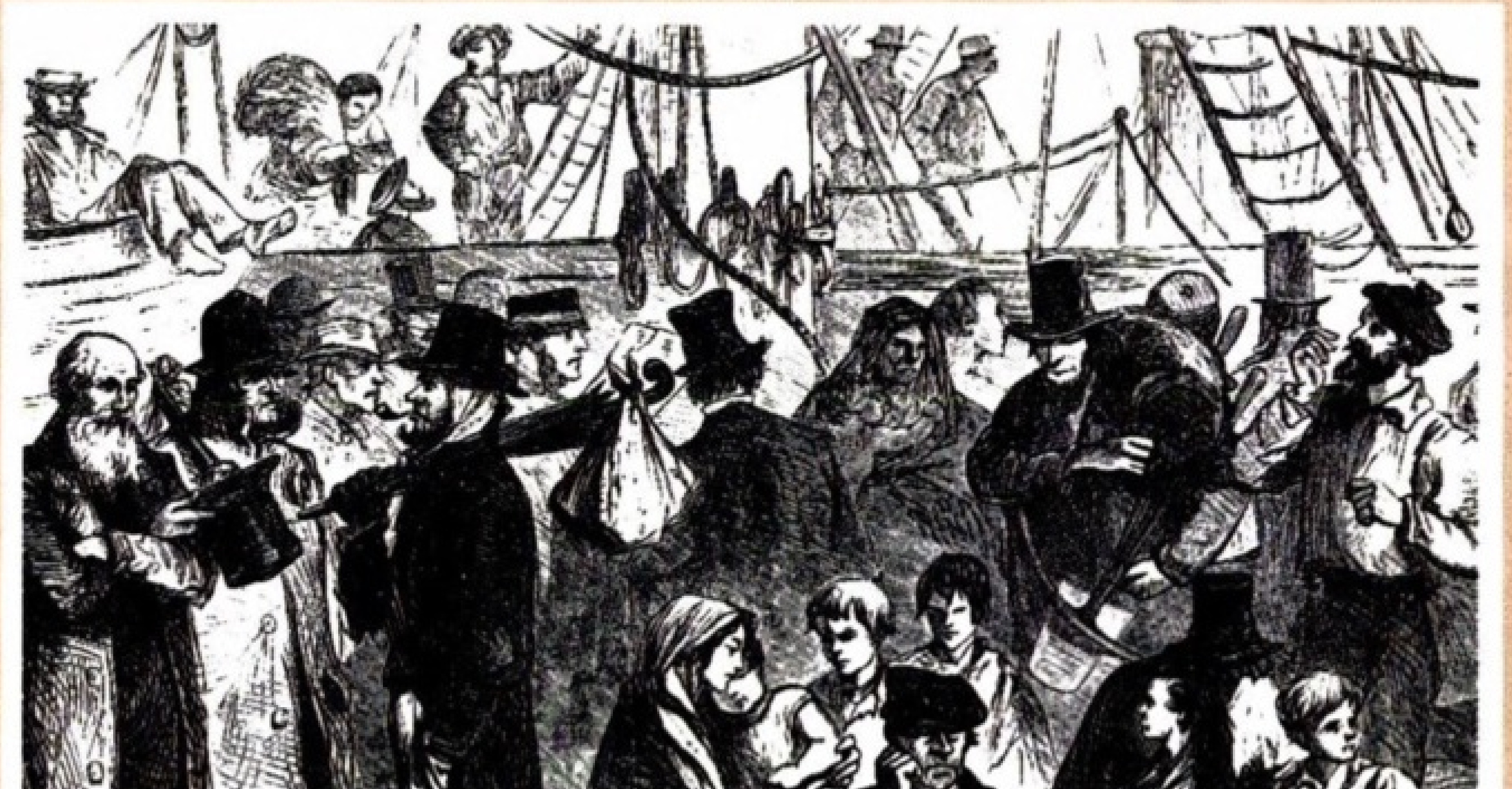


CROMWELL IN IRELAND

In 1685 James II embarks on a vigorous programme to recatholicize his kingdoms. His blundering leads the English aristocracy to invite the Dutch Prince of Orange to become King William III. The showdown between James and William takes place in the north of Ireland. The Protestant towns of Derry and Enniskillen hold out bravely against siege by a Catholic army. Then King William himself leads his army to victory at the Battle of the Boyne in 1691. Victory is consolidated the following year at the even bloodier battle of Aughrim whose anniversary, 12 July, is still the most important celebration in the Ulster Protestant calendar.

3 Fury and famine

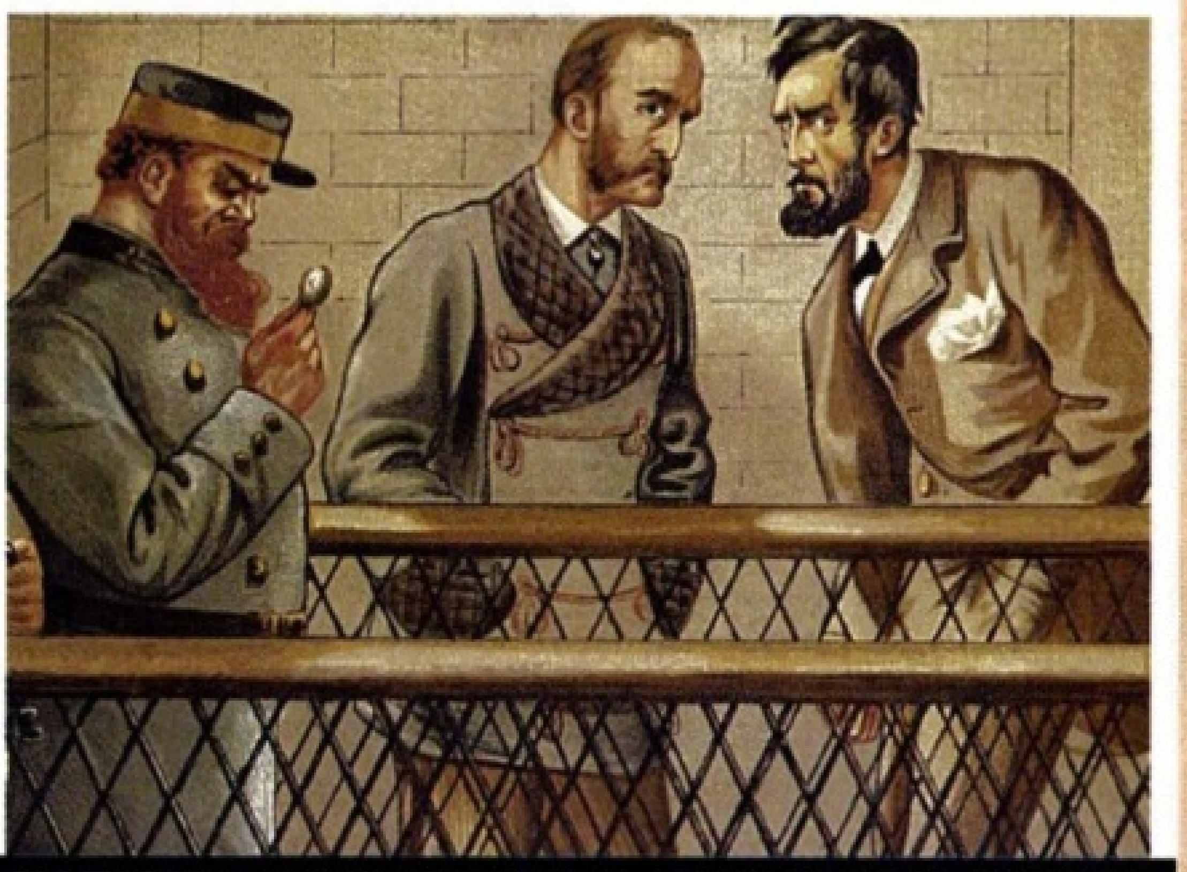
FROM 1691 onwards penal laws dispossess Catholics and dissenting Protestants of their land and deny them religous freedom, voting rights and access to education. Ireland becomes a colonial economy, run by a small Protestant landowning caste who extract rent from the peasants in the form of foodstuffs and export it to England. The first idealistic rebellion is staged in 1798 by the United Irishmen, whose leading lights are Presbyterians passionate about winning political rights for Catholics. They pursue legal reforms until the Government decides against Catholic emancipation but then take up arms. Despite initial success the insurrection is savagely crushed and 30,000 die. Two years later the Act of Union of Britain and Ireland is passed and the Irish Parliament abolished – though Catholic emancipation is finally won in 1829. The revolutions that sweep Europe in 1848 produce a tiny echo in the Young Irelander movement. But their call to arms has no chance of success in a country gripped by an appalling famine. The potato crop, on which the rural Irish depend, fails through blight from 1846 onwards. The Great Famine is not purely a natural disaster, though: peasants produce enough food but must sell it to pay their rent; throughout the Famine ships leave Ireland for England laden with grain and cattle. More than a million people die and at least as many emigrate to the US.



IRISH EMIGRANTS HEAD FOR THE NEWER COLONIES

4 Fenians and home rulers

BY THE 1860s half of Ireland is owned by just 750 people, nearly all of them Protestants. Tenant farmers are regularly evicted to benefit the landowners. It is against this backdrop that the Fenian and Land League rebellions take place. The Fenians originate in New York but spread as a secret oath-bound movement in Ireland during the 1860s. In 1867 a group of American Civil War veterans travel to Ireland and inspire the declaration of an Irish Republic. The rebellion is easily put down but the movement achieves greater notoriety later by violent attempts to free its members from English prisons. 'Fenian' remains a common term of abuse applied by Protestants to nationalist Catholics to the present day.

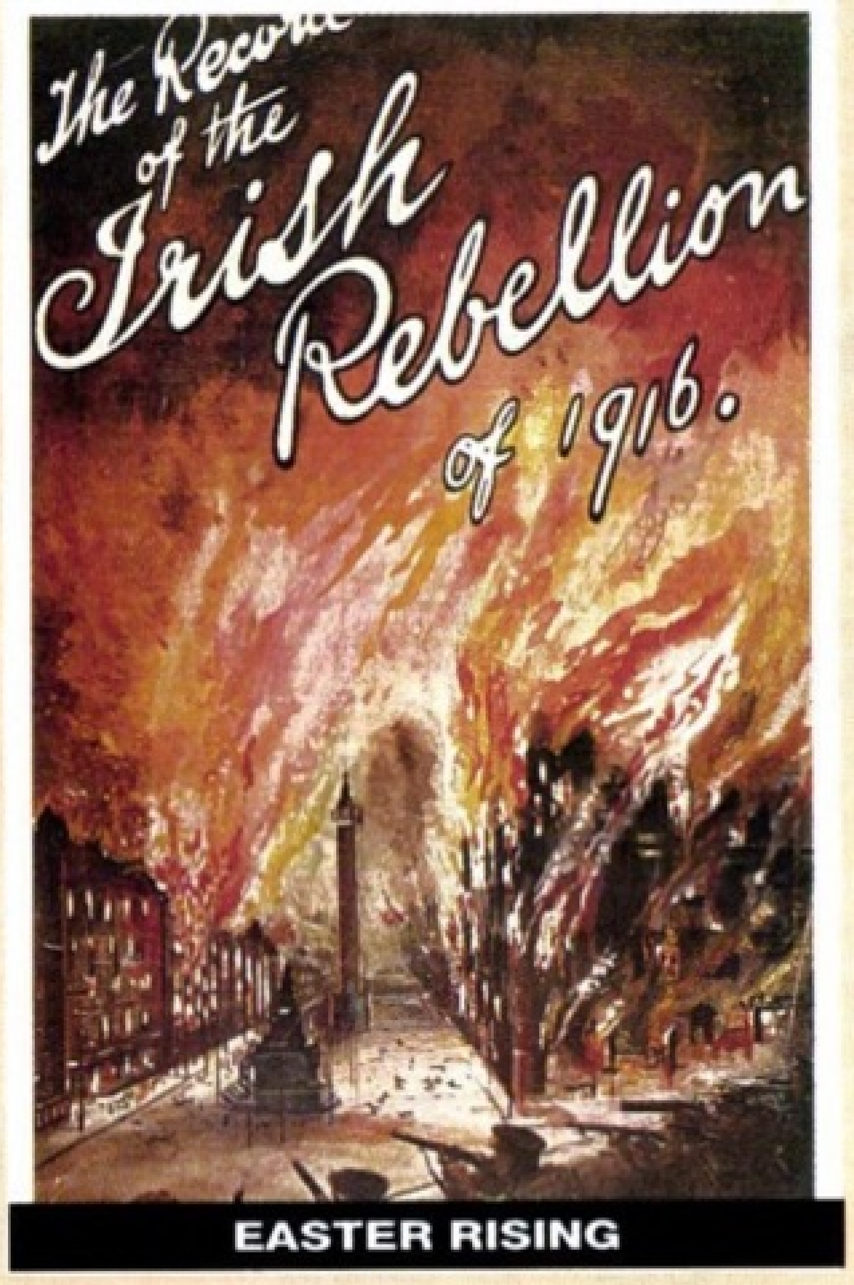


NATIONALISTS PARNELL AND DILLON IN JAIL

The Irish Land League formed in 1879 secures its goal of fair rent and fixed tenure for farmers largely by nonviolent direct action. Protestants are prominently involved in the land campaign but from the 1880s onwards the religious divide widens as the campaign for 'home rule' gains momentum. In 1884 voting rights are extended to most adult men in the UK and from then on Irish nationalists regularly win 80 per cent of Irish parliamentary seats. Because they often hold the balance of power at Westminster they are promised home rule – devolution of some powers to an Irish Assembly.

5 The Easter Rising and the Free State

THE FIRST TWO Home Rule bills are voted down – the British Conservative Party has now taken on the name Unionist and made continued rule over Ireland a fundamental part of its identity. But in 1912, as Irish Nationalists again hold the balance of power, the Liberal Government introduces a Home Rule bill which seems certain to become law in 1914. Outraged Irish loyalists launch the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF) and recruit a 100,000-strong paramilitary force pledged to seize control of Ulster if home rule becomes reality. The Government concedes that special arrangements will be made for Ulster once the First World War is over.



EASTER RISING

Now it is nationalists' turn to despair. Convinced that constitutional methods are doomed to failure, a small group of republicans stage the Easter Rising in 1916, seizing key buildings in Dublin and holding them for a week. The execution of 15 of its leaders (together with conscription for the killing fields of France) rallies Irish public opinion behind the rebels: the republican party, Sinn Fein, wins the first post-war election in 1918 by a landslide. Its members refuse to go to Westminster and form their own parliament, Dail Eireann. A guerrilla war ensues between the Irish Republican Army and British forces, with the IRA controlling much of the country.

Britain's political response is the Better Government of Ireland Act of 1920, which divides Ireland in two (the three most Catholic counties in Ulster are left out of the new statelet to ensure a Protestant majority). A year later Sinn Fein representatives negotiate a treaty under which Britain withdraws from the new Irish Free State. The IRA leader Michael Collins also signs up but a year-long civil war follows between pro-treaty and anti-treaty forces. Collins is assassinated but his side wins the day.

6 Civil rights in the Orange state

NORTHERN IRELAND is now a province of the UK but is ruled by its own parliament, Stormont, which is dominated by Protestants not just because the border was designed to leave them in a two-to-one majority but also because they use every means to entrench and expand their power at Catholics' expense. Catholics suffer systematic discrimination in employment and housing. Stormont gives itself draconian security powers, enforced by an overwhelmingly Protestant police and judiciary.

In the 1960s the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association – organized on non-sectarian lines – is formed, inspired by Martin Luther King and the black battle for civil rights in the US. Its demands for one person one vote and freedom from discrimination meet with widespread support but also with violence from extreme loyalists, who attack civil-rights marches and relaunch the paramilitary UVF.

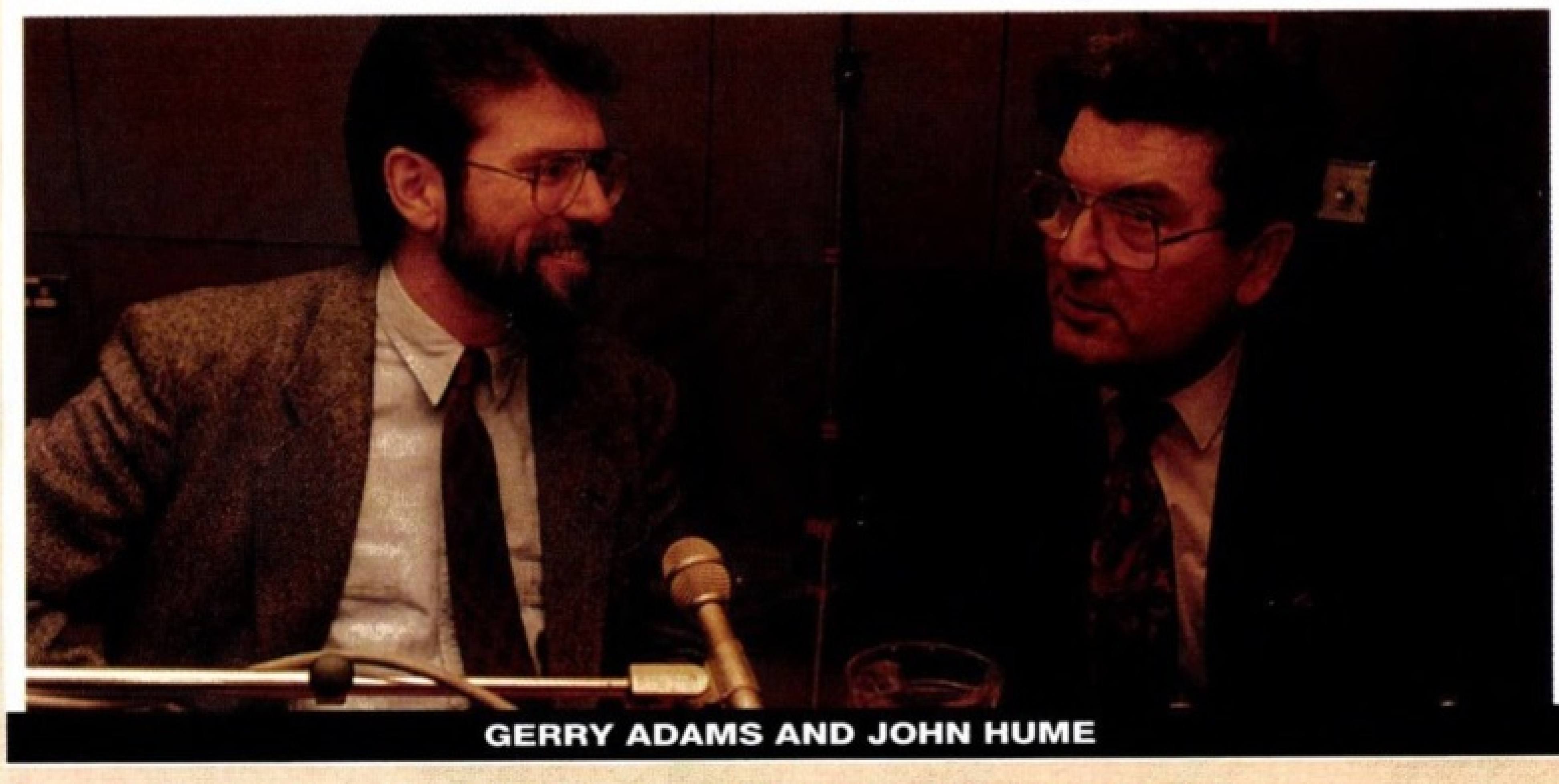
Pro-civil-rights feeling in working-class Catholic areas runs ever higher and when rioting breaks out in Derry and Belfast the British Government sends in troops as a temporary measure to restore order.

ONE OF THE CIVILIANS SHOT ON BLOODY SUNDAY

PACEMAKER PRESS

7 Bloody Sunday

THE BRITISH start trying to end discrimination in housing and local elections but the rioting increases during 1970 and 1971, not least because loyalist pogroms against Catholics lead to the re-emergence of the IRA. Catholics' initial welcome for British troops soon dissipates as the Army cracks down hard on civil-rights protest. When internment without trial is introduced in 1971 nearly all those imprisoned are Catholic and even the few Protestants interned are civil-rights activists. Internment sparks further protests and at a march in Derry in January 1972 13 civilians are shot dead by British soldiers from the Parachute Regiment – the incident infamous as Bloody Sunday. Two months later Stormont is suspended and direct rule from Westminster is imposed. This is seen as a short-term measure but Northern Ireland will be governed in this way through to the 1990s.



GERRY ADAMS AND JOHN HUME

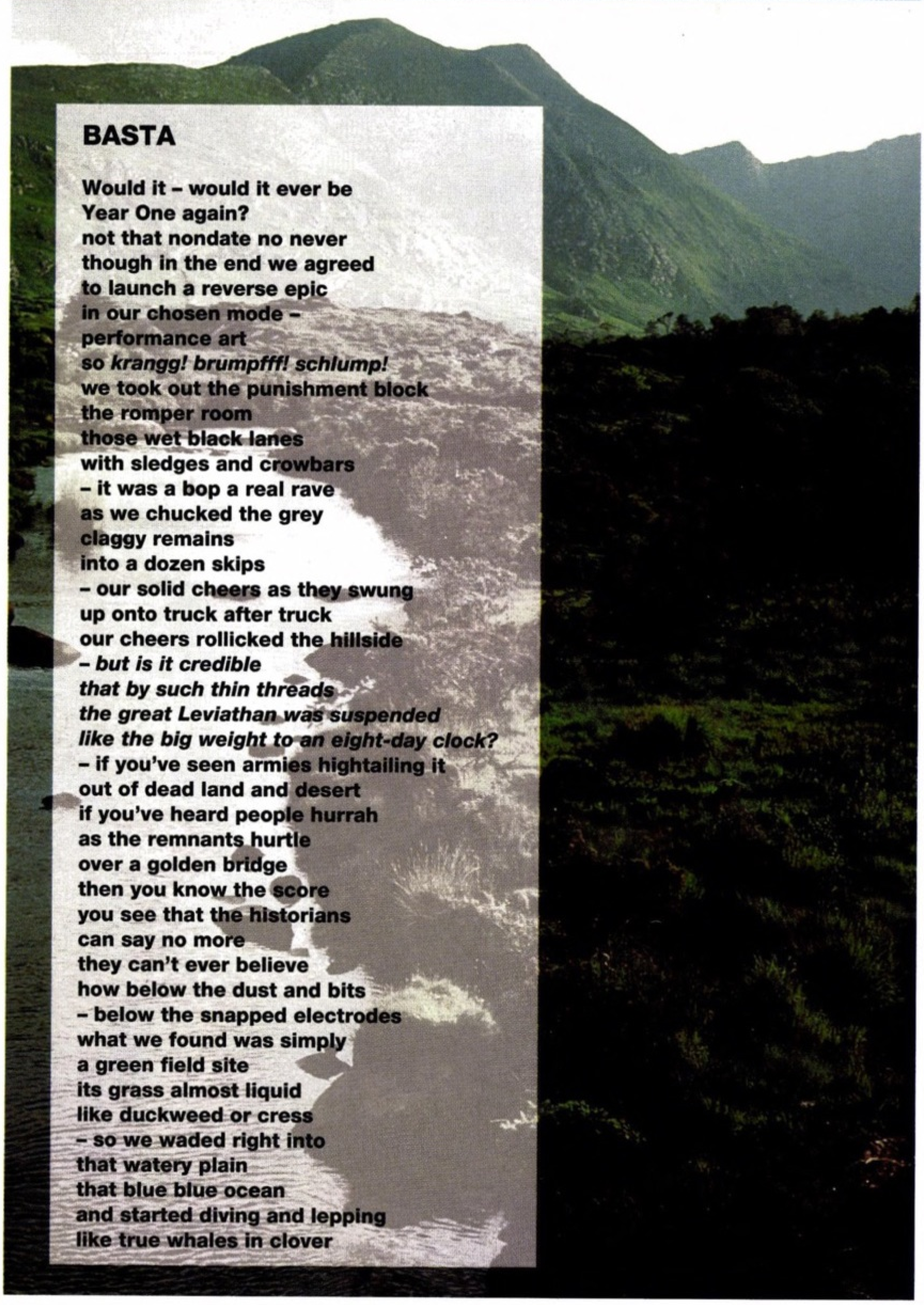
PACEMAKER PRESS

8 Hunger strikes and handshakes

BRITAIN'S FIRST attempt to restore local rule – shared between Protestants and Catholics – is brought down by a loyalist workers' strike in 1974. For the next decade Britain sees the problem as one of law and order rather than politics: local security forces are strengthened and IRA and loyalist paramilitaries are treated as common criminals. The latter policy backfires in 1981 when republican prisoners go on hunger strike to demand 'political' status. As ten men starve to death without the Thatcher Government giving ground, the republican cause wins significant support worldwide; two of the hunger strikers are elected to the Irish Parliament and one, Bobby Sands, to the British Parliament. The IRA's political wing, Sinn Fein, takes renewed interest in democratic politics, supplementing the 'bullet' with the 'ballot box'. Partly to counter this new republican threat Britain sets up another elected assembly in 1982 – but this time nationalist members refuse to take their seats. In 1985 the Anglo-Irish Agreement sees the British Government for the first time conceding a special role for the Irish Republic while the Irish Government agrees that the country can be reunited only with the consent of the majority in the North. The Agreement is reached without consulting unionists: their sense of betrayal increases, as does loyalist paramilitary violence. Talks between the constitutional parties founder and Northern Ireland seems stalemated – until talks between nationalist leaders John Hume and Gerry Adams, followed by the Downing Street Declaration at the end of 1993, reawaken hopes that the conflict can be resolved.

UNLESS CREDITED IMAGES BY MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

We asked the celebrated Northern Irish poet TOM PAULIN to contribute a poem that he thought would be apt for this issue.



BASTA

Would it – would it ever be
Year One again?
not that nondate no never
though in the end we agreed
to launch a reverse epic
in our chosen mode –
performance art
so *krangg! brumpfff! schlump!*
we took out the punishment block
the romper room
those wet black lanes
with sledges and crowbars
– it was a bop a real rave
as we chucked the grey
claggy remains
into a dozen skips
– our solid cheers as they swung
up onto truck after truck
our cheers rollicked the hillside
– but is it credible
that by such thin threads
the great Leviathan was suspended
like the big weight to an eight-day clock?
– if you've seen armies hightailing it
out of dead land and desert
if you've heard people hurrah
as the remnants hurtle
over a golden bridge
then you know the score
you see that the historians
can say no more
they can't ever believe
how below the dust and bits
– below the snapped electrodes
what we found was simply
a green field site
its grass almost liquid
like duckweed or cress
– so we waded right into
that watery plain
that blue blue ocean
and started diving and lepping
like true whales in clover

H. GRUYAERT / MAGNUM

Worth reading on... NORTHERN IRELAND

An excellent starting-point is the ***Northern Ireland File***, an information pack produced by the **National Peace Council, 88 Islington High Street, London N1 8EG.** Two independent magazines well worth reading are: ***Fortnight*** (a monthly despite its name), **7 Lower Crescent, Belfast BT7 1NR;** and ***The Irish Reporter*, Box 3159, Dublin 6, Ireland.**

Ten Men Dead by **David Beresford (Grafton 1987)** is a gripping read which gives the inside story of the 1981 republican hunger strike. ***Big Boys' Rules*** by **Mark Urban (Faber 1992)** profiles the role and attitudes of the British Army's élite SAS squad in Northern Ireland. ***Northern Ireland: The Political Economy of Conflict*** by **Bob Rowthorn** and **Naomi Wayne (Polity 1988)** is an analysis of the economic dimensions of the problem but also an argument for Irish reunification. ***A History of Ulster*** by **Jonathan Bardon (The Blackstaff Press 1992)** is a long but entertaining account from prehistory onwards of the nine counties of Ulster (rather than the six counties of Northern Ireland). **Liz Curtis's *Nothing But the Same Old Story* (Information on Ireland)** is a very visual explanation of the roots of anti-Irish prejudice in Britain. ***A Citizens' Inquiry*** edited by **Andy Pollak (Lilliput 1993)** is the report of the independent Opsahl Commission containing a wide variety of submissions from across Ireland.

US readers might start with ***More Than The Troubles*** by **Lynne Shivers** and **David Bowman,** available from **New Society, 4722 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19143.**

ACTION

Most of the responsibility for action on Northern Ireland inevitably falls to British people (see below). In addition to contacting the organizations listed here, subscribers in other countries can protest about the human-rights situation there through your local branch of Amnesty International, which has just produced a damning report called *United Kingdom: Political Killings in Northern Ireland*.

AOTEAROA/NEW ZEALAND Information on Ireland: PO Box 90132, Auckland; PO Box 9579, Wellington; PO Box 1905, Christchurch; PO Box 6141, Dunedin. Produces a bi-monthly magazine.

AUSTRALIA Australian Aid for Ireland, PO Box 263, Strawberry Hills, NSW 2021.

CANADA Irish Freedom Association, PO Box 171, Station F, Toronto, Ont M4Y 2L5. **Trade Unionists for the MacBride Principles,** 177 Edgemount Street S, Hamilton, V5K 4W6. **Irish Solidarity Committee,** PO Box 69472, Station K, Vancouver BC V5K 4W6. **Comité Quebéc-Irlande**, BP126, Station A, Montréal, QC H2T 1R9. **Canadian-Irish Peace Alliance,** 328 Gainsville Avenue, Unionville, Ont L3R 1W8.

UNITED STATES US campaigners have been responsible for successfully countering employment discrimination in Northern Ireland by persuading people not to invest in companies not abiding by the MacBride Principles, a set of equal opportunities guidelines for companies working in Northern Ireland. This is a textbook case of how internationalist action can work wonders.

The MacBride Principles, c/o Pat Doherty, Office of the Comptroller of New York City, Municipal Building, New York, NY 10007. **American Protestants for Truth about Ireland**, 104 E Main Street, Lansdale, PA 19446-2519.

UNITED KINGDOM

Campaigns are currently under way to:

- **abolish the Prevention of Terrorism Act**
- **bring about the prosecution of British Army and RUC members guilty of unlawful killing – only four soldiers have ever been successfully prosecuted for killings committed on duty**
- **end radiation emissions from military installations and equipment**
- **end the UK ban on broadcasting the voices of members of Sinn Fein and ten other Irish organizations (the Irish Republic lifted its similar ban on Sinn Fein in January)**
- **end strip-searching of women prisoners**

The best organization to contact (at least as a starting-point) in relation to these campaigns is **Liberty** (formerly the National Council of Civil Liberties), 21 Tabard Street, London SE1 4LA. Liberty works closely with the main independent civil-liberties group in Northern Ireland, the **Committee on the Administration of Justice** (CAJ), which produces authoritative reports on human-rights issues as well as a monthly bulletin called *Just News*. CAJ can be reached at 45 Donegal Street, Belfast BT1 2FG.

New Consensus, 22 Westwood Avenue, Middlesbrough TS5 5PY is a cross-party group aiming to raise awareness about the need for peace. The **Troops Out** campaign can be reached at PO Box 2803, London N5 1TN. **Irish in Britain Representation Group,** c/o 8 Archway Mall, London N19 5RG.

PROSTITUTION

CAROLINE PENN

Baje in the family compound: at 30 he's already too old and can't compete.

The 'bumsters' of Banjul

Women tourists buy sex

Baje Kebbah can't attract women as often as he used to. His clothes are dirty and his dreadlocks are dusty and bedraggled. At 30 he can no longer compete with the groomed and fit young men who hang around the bars and beaches picking up middle-aged European women.

Baje is a 'bumster', a term for the young men living in and around the holiday resorts on the Banjul peninsula in the Gambia, earning their living selling sex to women tourists. In the towns of Bakau and Serrakunda it's common to see middle-aged women, some of more than a certain age, strolling hand-in-hand with beautiful young men.

Baje was 13 and working on a ferry boat when he was seduced by a 45-year-old woman. 'I was grilling some fish on the beach and she started talking,' he says. 'We played all night long. She had a good body and gave me money. I've fucked all sorts since then, all nationalities.' He lives in his family compound with three generations of women (including his 90-year-old grandmother), who all rely on the income he and his brothers bring home.

The luxury of the tourist hotels that fringe the beaches is in stark contrast with the poverty in neighbouring towns such as Bakau and Serrakunda. With 46 per cent of the population aged under 15, and 40 per cent out of work, future employment prospects for young people are grim. The Government has encouraged tourism and last year over 143,000 tourists visited the country, mostly from Britain and Scandinavia.

For young men like Simon, 21, and his brother John, 23, there are few job prospects. Living off the tourists as guides or gigolos is one of the few options open to them. John used to play truant to go to the beach. 'Our mother couldn't give us lunch money and there were a lot of us so I went to the beach to meet tourists and find money there,' he says. 'I was so hungry I started following white people. We had to find money for our mother. My father is old now, he's a farmer and can't work any more, so I have to give him money too. But sometimes when I don't have a woman I can't give him anything. That makes me feel bad.'

The brothers complain that the Government is threatening their livelihoods. Prompted by the numbers of schoolchildren missing lessons to find tourists, and increasing complaints from tourists of being pestered by bumsters, the Government has introduced measures to discourage them. A special police force began to patrol the beaches last year and the headmen of local villages are regularly asked to take punitive action against village boys going to the beaches. The hotels while banning the bumsters have agreed to employ some of them as in-house guides, while a special radio programme is broadcast every Saturday to encourage bumsters to look for work elsewhere. The moves so far have produced little success – the bumsters know they can earn more than ten times the average daily wage.

Most bumsters like Simon and John bribe the tourist police to get onto the beach. Their charm and friendliness soon win the sunbathers over. Simon and John have slept with as many as five women in a month, but prefer to stay with one woman for the duration of her holiday. Gifts are plentiful and women will often send money regularly to boys after returning home. In two years Simon has received eight Walkmans from different women. Like most bumsters he sells them during the rainy season when tourists are scarce. ■

Christine Aziz

Kidnapped

On 12 September 1984 Manuel Salazar was involved in a struggle with a police officer in Jolin, Illinois. Salazar was severely beaten. The police officer was killed by his own gun. Salazar escaped to his family home in Mexico. In May 1985 he was kidnapped and taken back to the US. According to the Mexican Nuevo Leon State Office on Human Rights the US police paid $5,000 for the operation. Salazar was tried by an all-white jury, found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. At the latest hearing on 12 January 1994 a decision to fix the date of Salazar's execution was postponed for six months. Execution would be by lethal injection, resulting in a slow and painful death. International expressions of concern about Salazar's conviction and the breach of extradition laws between Mexico and the US include Pope John Paul, former US Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the National Black Police Association and Milton Grimes, the Attorney for Rodney King.

Paul Donovan

Manuel Salazar (pictured above): For further information contact **the Manuel Salazar Campaign, c/o Room 8, 219 Mare Street, London E8 3QQ. Write in protest to Governor Jim Edgar, State of Illinois, Capital Building, Springfield, IL 62706, US (Fax 312 814 5512)**

THE KURDS

RICHARD WAYMAN

One of the 874 Kurdish villages destroyed in 1993: 'It may seem hopeless but look what happened in Vietnam'.

Cleaned out

Turkish army destroys villages

THE war in south-eastern Turkey which last year claimed 3,000 lives has now been going on for 10 years. Guerrillas of the PKK – *Partia Karkaris Kurdistan* or Kurdish Workers' Party – are fighting for an independent state against the second-biggest army in NATO. The Turkish Human Rights Group say that 874 Kurdish villages were destroyed in 1993.

I made two visits to south-east Turkey to investigate this Turkish version of 'ethnic cleansing'. Ormanici is typical. Before the 1960 coup it was known by its Kurdish name, Bane, but since then all place names have been changed by the Government.

I arrived on foot after a day's walk and a raft-crossing of the River Tigris – necessary to avoid army patrols. The damp morning air still carried the smell of burnt timber and rotting meat. Turkish soldiers had tossed grenades into the communal barn killing most of the villagers' sheep. Of the original 24 families 14 had left.

It was early evening when 18 Turkish soldiers arrived. Gunshots heralded their coming. Moving from house to house they ordered the people into the centre of the village where they were made to lie down in the mud. Four teenage men were seized and beaten on the soles of their feet by soldiers who screamed abuse and accused them of helping the PKK. Five others, including two women, were arrested and taken in the helicopters for questioning. As the soldiers left they opened fire indiscriminately on the village and killed two adults and two children.

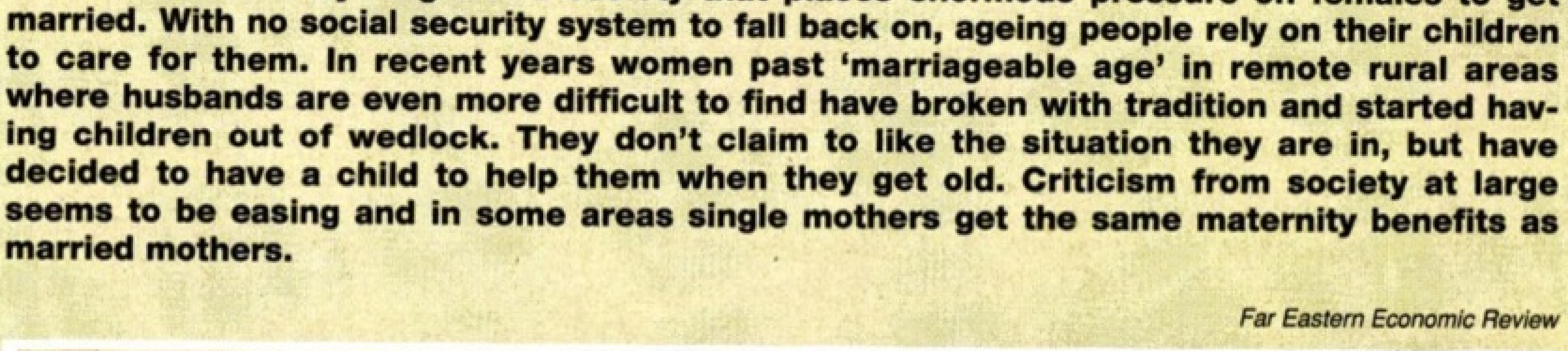
Other villages I saw were totally deserted. Shells of homes stood amongst overgrown vegetation. The inhabitants had left in a hurry. Cooking utensils and clothes lay strewn around. The PKK say that they will defend their villages but this is a forlorn hope. Well-equipped Turkish forces can easily call in air strikes and eliminate resistance. But as one guerrilla said to me: 'It may seem hopeless for us but look what happened in Vietnam', where all the technology of the US military could not defeat a determined people. ■

Richard Wayman

Singular investments

After nearly three decades of war Vietnam faces a large population imbalance between men and women, especially in the 20-39 years age group. This means hundreds of thousands of women have to stay single in a society that places enormous pressure on females to get married. With no social security system to fall back on, ageing people rely on their children to care for them. In recent years women past 'marriageable age' in remote rural areas where husbands are even more difficult to find have broken with tradition and started having children out of wedlock. They don't claim to like the situation they are in, but have decided to have a child to help them when they get old. Criticism from society at large seems to be easing and in some areas single mothers get the same maternity benefits as married mothers.

Far Eastern Economic Review



CLAUDE SAUVAGEOT

ENVIRONMENT

Undermined

Czech town demolished 'to guard against robbery'

OVER half the electricity in the Czech Republic is generated by coal-fired power stations. They are located in Northern Bohemia where high sulphur-content 'brown coal' is mined using both underground and open-cast methods. Communist policy for the industry was to 'liquidate' towns and villages situated above deposits – 112 settlements have already been destroyed. The Hlubina State Mining Enterprise, recently denationalized, exports half its coal to Germany. The company is keen to continue its cheap, outdated production methods – environmental controls are viewed as a hindrance to competition with the West.

Now environmentalists are fighting to save the historic town of Libkovice, which the company began to demolish two years ago. Jan Pinos of the Rainbow Movement, who was assaulted by demolition workers last September, has been trying to push the idea of using modern shoring techniques which allow undermining without subsidence and damage to buildings.

Crumpled homes make a psychological point.

ROD HARBINSON

In December 1993 the Czech Public Prosecutor stepped in and halted the destruction on a legal technicality. The 11 remaining inhabitants stuck it out without water and electricity while their town was being bulldozed around them. Mr Brichacek, Mayor of Libkovice until his powers were removed, has led the opposition and faced constant intimidation. He was particularly incensed at the bulldozing of the cemetery. 'They destroyed it and promised a memorial grave,' he told me, 'but the remains ended up in a landfill'. The previous week bulldozers had demolished houses in his street, smashing the water cistern and stopping just short of his property. 'This oldest part of the town is not even due to be mined,' he says, 'it is just a psychological tactic'.

Mr Kicl, an ex-company man who replaced Mr Brichacek as Mayor, claimed the demolition programme was designed to 'take down houses to guard against robbery'. Libkovice has provided a focus for the Czech environmental movement and highlighted the need to find socially acceptable solutions to an antiquated energy policy. 'In the 1950s it was a beautiful landscape here,' says Mr Brichacek. 'Every generation should leave something for the future, but what will we leave? Destruction, bad air and tower blocks.' ■

Rod Harbinson

Unpopular uprising

Popular and enigmatic Sub-comandante Marcos, a leader of the Zapatista rebels in southern Mexico, has been annoyed by the crass commercialization of his image. Manufacturers have produced dolls, T-shirts and even condoms bearing the likeness of the ski-masked guerrilla. The condoms, appropriately called 'Uprising' bear the slogan 'Recommended by me' under Marcos's image. Marcos has said he finds them 'disgusting'.

The Independent, 1 March 1994

Rain sings

Scientists on a US Navy sponsored research project are using underwater microphones to listen to the pitter patter of rain to measure rainfall over oceans, till now an impossible task. When rain hits the water, microscopic bubbles form below the surface and vibrate for a split second. Larger bubbles formed by the splatter of a thunderstorm 'sing' like a baritone while small bubbles from a drizzle are high-pitched. A computer converts these sound performances into rainfall estimates. The technique should lead to improved weather forecasts especially for marines.

Down to Earth Feature Service

An energizing thought

According to Friends of the Earth if every household in the UK fitted one energy-efficient, compact fluorescent light bulb, the energy saved would make the new Sizewell B nuclear power station unnecessary.

Resurgence, No 163

Boycott call

PepsiCo and Amoco are two US companies that continue to invest in Burma despite its openly repressive military regime and resolutions from shareholders calling for a withdrawal. A total boycott of Amoco and Pepsi would encourage these companies to think beyond profits and consider the human and democratic rights of the people of Burma.

Letters of complaint can be written to the following addresses: *Amoco Corporation, 200 East Randolph Drive, PO Box 87703, Chicago, Il. 60608-0703,* and *PepsiCo, 700 Anderson Hill Road, Purchase, NY 10677-1444.*

Burma Issues, Vol. 4 No 1

Sexual timing

Wishing to cash in on the Indian obsession with male children the Swiss company Pointer have launched a watch which they say will help owners plan the gender of their child. The watch, whose face is segmented into the phases of the menstrual cycle, has an extra hand which points out girl days, boy days, infertile days and fertile days. The watch claims to enable women to pre-select the sex of their children on the principle that boys are conceived on the day of ovulation while girls are conceived two days before. The makers guarantee 90 per cent success, while gynaecologists say this claim has not a shred of proof to support it. But Pointer are clearly hoping to convert gullibility into hard cash: the cost per watch is $333.

HAI News, No 75

SUE DARLOW / FORMAT

END

END Quote

'The persistence of the style of luxury and overspending is not only a financial burden. Rather it is in the first place the wrecking of the balanced personality and implanting of the disease of arrogance and flabbiness.'

The Emir of Kuwait,
Sheikh Jabir al-Ahmad
al-Jabir as-Sabah

Scent of Green Papaya: intimacy, poignancy and domestic poetry.

film

Scent of Green Papaya

directed by **Tran Anh Hung**

For his striking debut Vietnamese director Tran Anh Hung has deliberately avoided tackling the more epic questions about his country's recent history. Instead, he's unravelled an intricate part of the social fabric of traditional Vietnamese society. Set in Saigon in the 1950s, with the turmoil of the war just a decade away, **Scent of Green Papaya** tells the story of Mui, a young servant girl who has left her village home to work for a well-heeled family in the city. Befriended by a maternal older servant, she is inducted into the everyday rituals that keep the household together. The day's routines take on a gentle rhythm, like the passing of waves, and all seems calm in this house nestled amongst the papaya trees. But soon Mui learns that all is not so serene for this family. It transpires that the father has walked out leaving next to nothing for the mother and three sons to live on. At first Hung's film seems a simple enough fable about female servitude and survival, but it gains in complexity as it follows Mui 10 years on as she goes to work for one of the son's friends, Khuyen, on whom she had had a crush. It is with this development in the story that Hung examines the link between love and servitude.

For economic reasons, Hung chose to recreate the small patch of Saigon that the characters inhabit in a Paris film studio. This brings to **Scent of Green Papaya** an intense sense of intimacy but also claustrophobia. The simplest of tasks – the slicing of vegetables for a stir-fry – becomes poetry.

Hung finds universality in the minutiae of domestic banality that rules the lives of those whose work is never done. Using an ensemble of French-Vietnamese actors, he has elicited a set of remarkable performances – particularly from the children. Profound and poignant **Scent of Green Papaya** heralds the arrival of a significant new film-making talent.

Politics ☆☆☆☆
Entertainment ☆☆☆☆

music

Johnny Damas and Me

by **John Trudell**
(Rykodisc RCD/RAC 10286)

Few singers these days can expect an FBI critique on their work but then John Trudell is not like other singers. Described in a – wait for it – 17,000-page FBI dossier as 'extremely eloquent', the native American poet has the dubious honour of having his career more closely watched than is customary.

It's not only the FBI who are on Trudell's case. For very different reasons, so is Bob Dylan, who described Trudell's 1992 album, *Aka Grafitti Man* as the 'best' of its year. That album's impassioned cry for justice must have made for uncomfortable listening down in the FBI's subversive music department.

Johnny Damas and Me lacks none of its predecessor's drive. Damas is a dispossessed, ghostly figure, living beneath the 'coyote moon' of 'Nazi Babylon'. It is the world with which Trudell, a Santee Sioux from Nebraska, is familiar. Now in his mid-40s, he served four years as a sailor in Vietnam before becoming politicized by the Indians of All Tribes occupation of Alcatraz Island between 1969-71. Afterwards he became National Chairman of the American Indian Movement.

He began writing poetry after the death of his wife and children in a suspicious fire (which the FBI declined to investigate). Trudell chose modern America's indigenous protest sound – rock 'n' roll – as the modus for furthering his message. The resulting swampy, bluesy sound possesses all rock's vital energy and, by declaiming rather than singing, none of his themes is dissipated.

Trudell is multi-themed and multi-angled and his analyses are complex affairs which seek a world in harmony with itself. There is enough food for thought in the words alone; however Trudell is aided by a muscular band that glows in its own spirit. Slabs of electric guitar are counterpointed by drums and at times, traditional chanting from Quiltman and Madeline Sahme. This is not only an 'extremely eloquent' protest album – but one you can dance to.

Trudell: provocative eloquence.

Politics ☆☆☆☆☆
Entertainment ☆☆☆☆

books

In Other Words – New Writing by Indian Women

Selected by **Urvashi Butalia** and **Ritu Menon** *(The Women's Press ISBN 0 7043 4385)*

Surprise is a strong element running through this collection. The selectors – both from the Indian feminist publishing house, Kali for Women – clearly have a nose for a good story as well as a sensitive ear for the varied voices of contemporary Indian women.

Most of the stories are written in the first person – and make use of the intimacy this offers. Some – like *No Letter from Mother* by Vishwapriya L Iyengar – are truly memorable. Set in a girls' boarding school in southern India during the 1960s, it describes the pupils receiving letters from home – except the girl from Vietnam who gets none and whose tearful reference to 'napalm' is, with brutal ignorance, interpreted as 'a kind of Vicks or tiger balm'.

Ippiya, the story's narrator is, via her charming and erudite letter-writing father, trying to get her mother to write to her. Her mother – so warm in the flesh – flatly refuses. In desperation Ippiya confesses she is being lazy and badly behaved at school and needs scolding. Her mother's reply is short and to the point: 'I cannot write in English... Your teachers will make fun of my English so I will not write again to you. Don't be bad girl, don't be lazy... Don't ask me to write again.'

The narrator goes on: 'I was too young to realise that colonisation had cut the bond twixt mother and child... I never forgave my mother, but, in time, I learnt to open my own midnight doors, searching for footprints of a forfeited language.'

This book is not short of such poignant vignettes – *Thanks Anyway* and *Sara* immediately spring to mind. But there is also humour. The sardonic send-up of both bureaucracy and spirituality in Manjula Padmanabhan's *A Government of India Undertaking* is a treat, as is Githa Hariharan's account of the last days of a formidable and hitherto strict Brahmin great-grandmother in *The*

In Other Words
New Writing by Indian Women
Selected by
Urvashi Butalia
and Ritu Menon

Remains of the Feast as she sets about breaking every Hindu eating taboo she can think of. 'Ooohh', she cries as she indulges in cola, cakes baked by Muslims from a Christian-owned bakery and sweets laced with brandy.

Politics ☆☆☆☆
Entertainment ☆☆☆☆☆

...AND BRIEFLY
The New Protectionism

by **Tim Lang** and **Colin Hines**
(Earthscan ISBN 1 85383 165 4)

The World Bank has estimated that world trade in merchandise alone will increase by up to $273 billion over the next decade – thanks to the latest free trade agreements, GATT and NAFTA.

But who will be the beneficiaries? According to the authors of this book, the three power blocs of North America, Japan and Western Europe stand to gain while there will be an actual loss for Africa.

Lang and Hines are not arguing for a return to old style protectionism, but a 'new protectionism' that would reduce external trade, promote local interests and protect the three E's – the Economy, the Environment and Equity. This is a clear, thorough, timely and readable treatment of the subject.

Politics ☆☆☆☆
Entertainment ☆☆

STAR RATING

Excellent	☆☆☆☆☆
Very good	☆☆☆☆
Good	☆☆☆
Fair	☆☆
Poor	☆

Reviews editor: **Vanessa Baird**

THE *classic*

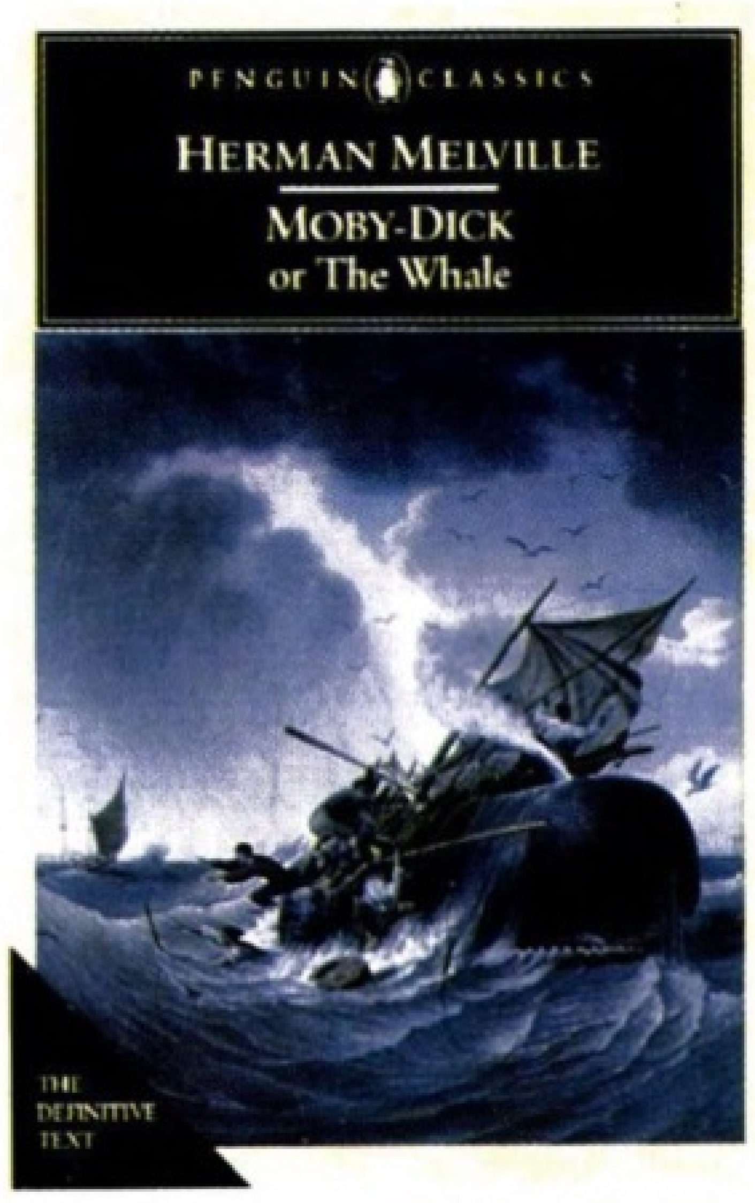
Moby Dick

... being the book so ahead of its time even its author advised against reading it.

EVERYONE knows about Captain Ahab and a whale called Moby Dick. Although daunting bulk and a subject unsettling to modern sensitivities have made it one of the great unread classics, many who have never opened the pages of this Leviathan of a book are nonetheless familiar with the story. Ahab's obsessive hunt for the great white whale who took his leg – a mania that resulted in the destruction of captain, ship, and crew – has become one of the embedded tales of our folk-history. From the peremptory first line – 'Call me Ishmael' – to the cataclysmic finale, the drama is personalized and the reader becomes an honorary crew member.

Were there no more to it than that – a robust yarn interweaving whaling lore, seafaring, the excitement of the chase and individual compulsion – it would still go down as one of the great adventure stories of all time. But, like the ocean, **Moby Dick** conceals vast depths beneath a seemingly straightforward surface; it is a masterpiece that anticipates the anxieties of our time.

Melville spent his young manhood at sea, in the South Pacific. In his mid-twenties he began turning these experiences into fiction. **Moby Dick** was his sixth novel, written in 1850-51 and based on his service aboard a whaler a decade earlier.



Melville's earlier books had been racy affairs, swiftly written. But **Moby Dick** seems to have been more of a literary struggle. He wrote to a friend: 'It will be a strange sort of a book... I fear; blubber is blubber you know; tho' you may get oil out of it, the poetry runs as hard as sap from a frozen maple tree; yet I mean to give the truth of the thing, in spite of this.'

And there is plenty of 'truth' in **Moby Dick.** Melville supplemented his first-hand knowledge with extensive reading on the subject and there are long digressions on sea-lore and the technicalities of hunting whales. But this apparent concern for accuracy and detail is merely the froth on the wave. The writing has swirling layers and submerged currents of meaning which make Melville the true precursor of such Modernists as Joyce, Borges and Beckett. There are constant references to other literature and contemporary events and a stream of parodies and puns, some obvious, many extremely obscure. A fairly visible layer of Biblical imagery adds historical and mythological depth to the themes of obsessive search and the nature of good and evil. But beyond this are deeper levels which hint at secret Masonic rituals and homosexual undertones in the relationship between Ishmael and the cannibal harpooner, Queequeg. It is possible to read the narrative as an examination of the class system, as it operated within the closed world of the ship, or as a plea for racial and cultural tolerance. You may think that all this is a rather pretentious reading of what is, after all, an adventure-story, and that symbolism and reference do little but provide work for academics. However, Melville's London publishers thought his deeper meanings sufficiently clear and dangerous to heavily bowdlerise the first edition, removing any hint of sexual, social or political impropriety, such that the book was reduced to a yarn about chasing whales.

As with much of his work, Melville had mixed feelings about the finished book – even with the censored portions restored in later editions. He wrote to an acquaintance: 'Don't you buy it – don't you read it, when it does come out. It is not a piece of fine Spitalfields silk – but it is of the horrible texture of a fabric that should be woven of ship's cables and hawsers. A Polar wind blows through it and birds hover over it.'

Moby Dick was not a success; the public did not buy it or read it and the cultural élite from whom Melville craved acceptance, was sniffily dismissive. His literary career was effectively finished after only a decade of creative life. He turned to employment in the Customs Office of New York and for the next 40 years published only anonymous magazine stories and little-noticed verse. *Billy Budd, Sailor,* his other great work, was unfinished among his papers at his death and not published until 1924.

Time can translate what, viewed from the perspective of the individual, seems like failure. Melville's struggle to create enduring work, like Ahab's quest, speaks to us in universal language. After his titanic endeavour in completing **Moby Dick**, he wrote to his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne: 'As long as we have more to do, we have done nothing. So, now, let us add **Moby Dick** to our blessings and step from that. Leviathan is not the biggest fish; I have heard of Krakens.'

Four decades later, at the end of his life, there is a tiny sign that he had never truly abandoned his personal search. Pinned to the desk at which he wrote *Billy Budd* was a small scrap of paper on which was written: 'Keep true to the dreams of thy youth'. ■

Peter Whittaker

Moby Dick or **The Whale** by Herman Melville (various editions in print, including Penguin).

Q? UESTIONS

...that have always intrigued you about the world will appear in this, your section, and be answered by other readers. Please address your answers and questions to 'Curiosities'.

M HARVEY / PANOS PICTURES; D. SANSONI / PANOS PICTURES

What are the pros and cons of microwaves? Are they more or less environment-friendly than gas or electric stoves?

Microwave ovens use less electricity than do conventional ovens. Apart from saving on electricity bills this means less burning of fossil fuels and less flooding of valleys for big dam projects and hydroelectric schemes. Horror stories about leaks of microwave radiation belong to the world of urban myths. Microwave ovens are constructed to turn off automatically when opened.

More microwaves, less flooding?

JP Lethbridge
Birmingham, UK

Why do we knock glasses together before we drink?

The first reason is connected with the senses. We can taste drinks and smell them. The clinking of glasses provides aural stimulation too.

The second reason is to do with safety. The knocking together of glasses can cause liquid to slop over from one glass to another. Any poison that had been put in one glass could therefore also enter the other, so the poisoner risks getting poisoned too.

Knocking it back in Singapore.

H Foster
London, UK

Has anyone published a list of products and services that can be bought without doing harm to babies, animals, human rights and so on?

The *Green Consumer Guide* published by Victor Gollancz covers a wide range of products and contains an index of useful addresses of organizations to contact for further information.

Rhian McGill
Cleveland, UK

AWAITING YOUR ANSWERS

I've heard the hole in the ozone layer is getting smaller. Is this true?

Becky Arkwright
Vancouver, Canada

Is it true that during mating the male duck will sometimes drown – and kill – the female?

Rhona Mathews
Cardiff, Cymru, UK

Can anyone tell me where I can find information about a drug called 'Filon' which was withdrawn by the National Health Service in Britain around 1974/5?

D Mills
London, UK

Can anyone explain to me why we have managed to have women prime ministers in India and Pakistan and still have deplorable treatment of women?

Ashoni Arora
Queensland, Australia

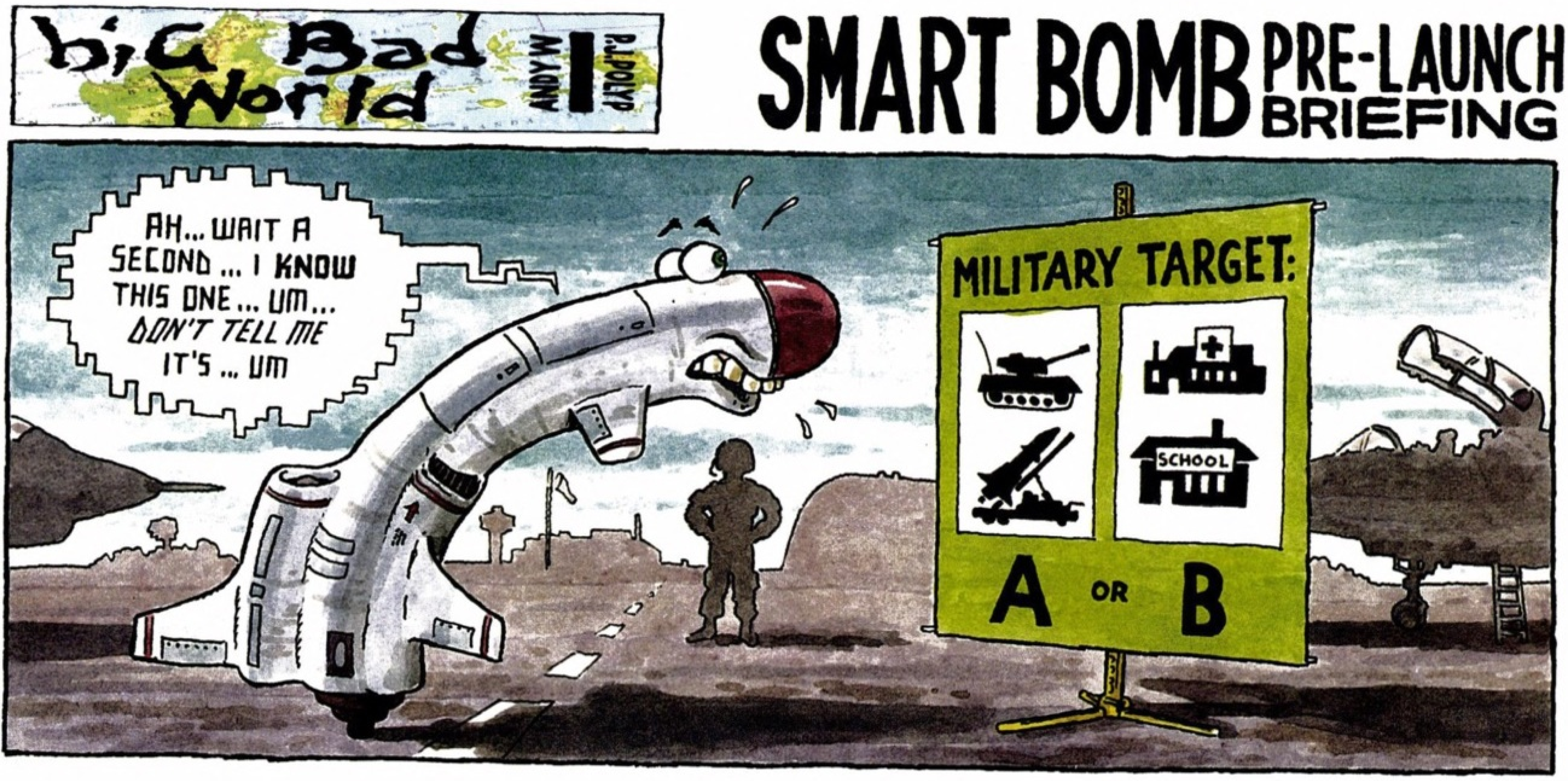
Where is Judy Chicago's installation *The Dinner Party* now?

Alison Reid
Whitehorse Yukon, Canada

Does anybody know in exactly which context the poet WB Yeats described the Anglo-American world and its culture as the 'filthy modern tide'?

Nicholas Fernandez
Romford, UK

If you have any questions or answers please send them to Curiosities, **New Internationalist, 55 Rectory Road, Oxford OX4 1BW, UK,** or to your local **NI** office (see inside front cover for addresses).


big Bad World
ANDY W
P.J.POLYP
SMART BOMB PRE-LAUNCH BRIEFING
AH... WAIT A SECOND... I KNOW THIS ONE... UM... DON'T TELL ME IT'S... UM
MILITARY TARGET:
SCHOOL
A OR B

A force to reckon with

Five years on from the death of the rubber tappers' leader, Chico Mendes, trade unionists and rural workers in Amazonia are still being assassinated. Women are now in the forefront of the struggle against violence. ***Anne-Marie Sweeney*** *pays tribute to the remarkable work of one of them...*

I FIRST met Jaide Barreiros when I went to Brazil to make a film about women in Amazonia. We talked in her kitchen, which also doubled as the office for the teachers' union of which she was president. More than a kitchen or an office, the room was a nerve centre. From here groups of peasants and trade unionists went out to support forest occupations that were under threat from cattle ranchers and their hired gunmen.

One night we were in the middle of a party to mark an international award for work on the environment – Jaide's partner, Gatao, is the successor to Chico Mendes as the President of the National Council of Rubber Tappers, which received the award. The dancing, an essential part of all political events, was interrupted when a group of women entered, very distressed and exhausted after walking all day. They had been violently evicted from their forest community in Jandaia. Husbands, sons and friends had been brutally arrested and one man had been shot.

Jaide, as ever, replaced anxiety with organization and strategy. By early the next morning she had typed statements, contacted lawyers from the Society for the Defence of Human Rights, found transport to a meeting at their office and arranged delegations to the prison where their friends were being held. The women stayed with Jaide for months, sleeping in hammocks in an outbuilding, so they could campaign for the men's release, cook food and take it to the jail. They had no money. Jaide and Gatao had little enough for their own needs, but somehow the pot was stretched. The women, with Jaide's help, organized a campaign to raise funds.

We went with them back to their broken community, a few days after the police and the gunmen had been driven out by the rural worker's union.

The place has been nicknamed 'The Jaguar's Throat' because of the jaguars that inhabit the forest – and because of the violence endured by those who live there. On one side of the track was the impenetrable forest, towering *castanha* brazil-nut trees. Howler monkeys screeched and parrots took flight. This was the side where the rural workers were defending their homes, gardens and a few animals – and where they lived in harmony with the forest. On the other side was a scorched graveyard of burnt and sawn tree-stumps, hijacked by the cattle ranchers: a wasteland stretching as far as the eye could see, dusty scrub with the odd solitary cow.

The women's homes had been smashed. A gas cooker used for target practice was riddled with bullet holes. We visited the burnt-out remains of a ranch where three peasants had been shot and their corpses left for pigs to feed on.

In the past 10 years there have been nearly 1,000 murders of rural workers and union leaders in Amazonia. Arnaldo Delcido Ferreira, much-loved President of the Rural Workers' Union in Eldorado and a close friend of Jaide and Gatao, survived three assassination attempts, including one where the bullet passed straight through his neck and killed a nun standing behind him.

In September 1993 I received a letter from Jaide with the news that he had been killed as he lay sleeping in his bed. 'Several other comrades have been threatened with death,' she wrote. 'We are confronting this with courage, but our anxiety grows with every day that passes.'

Arnaldo's daughter and son-in-law, Zé do Feijão, have taken on the leadership of the union and are now in immediate danger of assassination. At the end of January 1994 Zé was the victim of an attempt on his life by gunmen from the Abaete farm belonging to Marco Antonio Rangel, who was accused of Arnaldo's murder. Now Zé, who is seriously ill, has been arrested and imprisoned without trial by a judge who was recently investigated by the Human Rights Commission of Lawyers in the State of Para.

Jaide, writing on the climate of increasing social tension in the Eldorado region of Carajas, says the situation there is critical for both workers' rights and the environment. She says the Rural Workers' Union is desperate for international support. The odds are stacked against them. Jaide, however, refuses to be daunted. 'We must never think that we are defeated,' she said at a local women's conference. 'It's no good us going on strike, occupying big farms, getting ourselves killed, hiding in trenches and I don't know what else, if when the time comes to vote, we vote for some good-for-nothing and not for someone from our class who will represent us.'

Lula, a former steel worker from São Paulo, is such a person and could win the Brazilian presidential elections this year for the Workers' Party. If so, land reform could be on the Government's agenda. It would then face serious opposition from the same forces that Jaide confronts daily. The test would be whether it showed the same determination and courage as Jaide and her friends. ■

LULA
PRESIDENTE Já

ANNE-MAIRE SWEENEY

Jaide Barreiros: replacing anxiety with organization and strategy.

Anne-Marie Sweeney directed *Amazon Sisters*, a documentary film produced with TV Viva for Channel 4 and WDR TV, available from **Oxford Film and Video Makers, the Stables, North Place, Headington, Oxford OX3 9HY, UK**. For further information and urgent action on Zé do Feijão, contact **Brazil Network, PO Box 1325, London SW9 ORA.**

Albania

ALBANIA is the orphan state of Europe – trying now to rediscover its family. For 40 years after the Second World War until his death in 1985 Stalinist dictator Enver Hoxha treated the three million people like children in a nightmarish institution. He kept them hungry and poor, without property or privacy.

He turned a third of the population into secret police or spies and took the country into isolation, sending his people to gulags for talking to foreign visitors or listening to the BBC World Service.

A limited reform programme by his successor, Ramiz Alia, made Albanians less fearful of the State and more aware of the outside world. They reacted with a wave of strikes and student protests, by attempting mass emigration and finally by bringing the economy and law and order to virtual collapse.

Elections in March 1992 gave Albania its first democratic ruler – the charismatic President Sali Berisha. He was once a heart specialist of international repute. Now he must perform a heart transplant for an entire country.

He has tried to reinvent Albania as a liberal democracy and a free market economy. In both areas he has had some success. Democracy and dissent are still alive in Albania (in spite of growing criticism of his allegedly autocratic methods). A programme of privatization and the progressive removal of price controls has generated economic growth and attracted foreign investors.

But Albania's problems persist. In spite of the lowest wages in Europe (the average is £17/$24 a month) there is mass unemployment. Albania's industries, many of them environmental disasters, suffer from obsolete and often unrepairable machinery. The economy still depends on foreign aid and private charity, and on migrants' remittances.

RICHARD HELLER
ALBANIA
Shkodër
Durrës
Tirana
FORMER YUGOSLAVIA
Adriatic Sea
Korcë
Vlonë
GREECE
ITALY

Road transport is hazardous, the rail service fitful. Many goods are still moved by hand or horse. Housing is poor and crowded, schools and public property frequently vandalised.

Albania often resembles poorer parts of the Third World with people farming by hand, peasant women staggering under huge burdens and ragged children herding animals. But it can be worse: Dickensian orphanages crammed with abandoned children (40 per cent of the population is under 14). Hospitals without drugs or bed linen; psychiatric institutions, with emaciated inmates in pyjamas look horribly like concentration camps.

Albania's problems are aggravated by its bad relations with all of its neighbours. Two million Albanians live under oppressive Serb rule in the former Yugoslav province of Kosova, a million more in Macedonia, Greece and Italy.

However, if it survives, Albania's medium-term prospects are bright. Chrome, oil, agriculture and tourism have tremendous potential. A people almost desperately glad to be part of Western Europe could catch up with it faster than they imagine. ■

Richard Heller

AT A glance

Excellent ★★★★★
Good ★★★★
Fair ★★★
Poor ★★
Appalling ★

POLITICS

Infant democracy and market economy.

LEFT RIGHT

INCOME DISTRIBUTION ★★

High unemployment and widespread poverty. Most have little access to fledgling market economy.

LITERACY ★★★★

Good at 72 % (1990)

SELF-RELIANCE ★

Some improvement but still dependent on foreign aid and migrants' remittances.

FREEDOM ★★★

New-found democracy and civil rights survive despite complaints of repression.

POSITION OF WOMEN ★★

Official equality under Stalinism giving way to patriarchy. Many women exhausted by physical toil and repeated pregnancies.

LIFE EXPECTANCY ★★★★★

79 years women; 72 for men. Excellent despite economic privations but may decline. *(US 76 years).*

Leader President Dr Sali Berisha
Economy GNP per capita (1991) $790 *(US $22,240)*
Monetary unit: Lek
Main exports: Chrome, copper wire, ferro-nickel ore, bitumen, oil, hydroelectricity; also tobacco, wood, fruit and vegetables.
Main imports: Chemicals, machinery, textiles, vehicles. Agriculture is mainstay of the economy (maize and wheat); sugar-beet, cotton, beans and sunflowers; livestock.
People 3.3 million (does not include 2 million Albanians in Kosova and 1 million in Macedonia, Greece, Italy).
Health Infant mortality 28 per 1,000 live births *(US 9 per 1,000)*. Many children malnourished.
Culture Albanians (Gegs in North, Tosks in South) claim descent from ancient Illyrians. Part of Ottoman empire from fifteenth century until independence in 1912.
Religion: About half are Muslim; 18 per cent Greek Orthodox and 13 per cent Roman Catholic. Until 1990 officially atheist; all religions persecuted or banned.
Languages: Albanian, Greek; English widely spoken.

Sources: *World Almanac, UN Statistical Yearbook, Europa Yearbook, Amnesty International, Albanian Commercial Office, The Europe Review 1991/2, Third World Guide 1993/4, The State of the World's Children 1994, Albania – Who Cares? by Bill Hamilton (Autumn House 1992).*

Adopt a Humpback Whale

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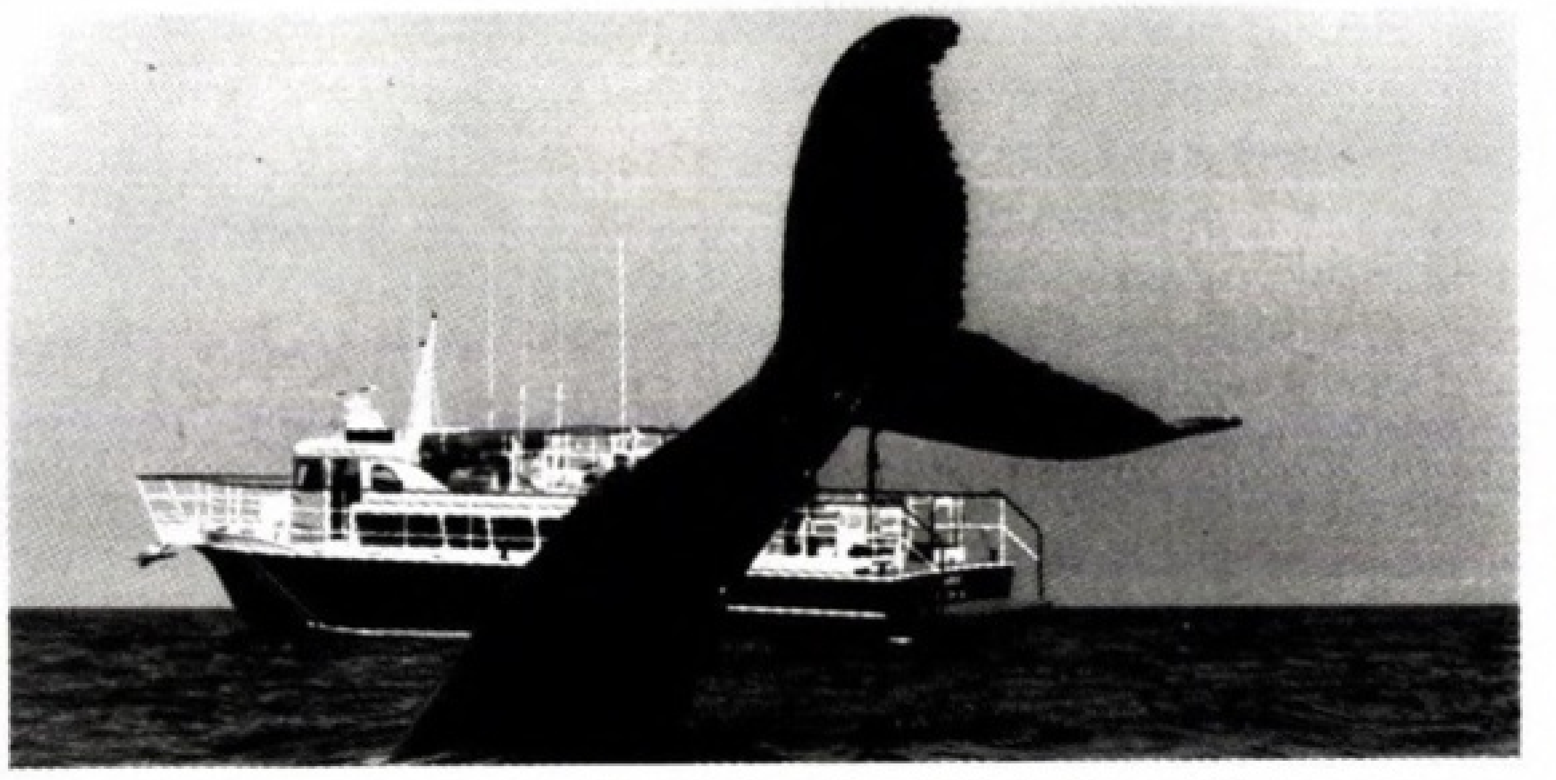
Purchasing a full colour Whale Adoption kit, also includes the cost of adopting a whale. Everything you need for adoption is in the kit, which contains:



All whales are recognised by their tails. This is Haze, She's got two calves and routinely commutes between the Dominican Republic and the coast of Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

An 18" x 24" colour poster, a colour brochure about the Whale Adoption Project and the natural history of the humpback whale, an "I Luv my Humpback Whale" sticker, a 9" x 12" Whale Adoption Certificate, a listing of 50 whales up for adoption from which you choose your own adopted whale. The kit also contains one Whale Adoption Certificate registration card. Send in your registration card filled in with your name, address and the name of the whale you've chosen to adopt and you will then receive: *An official, personalised Adoption Certificate
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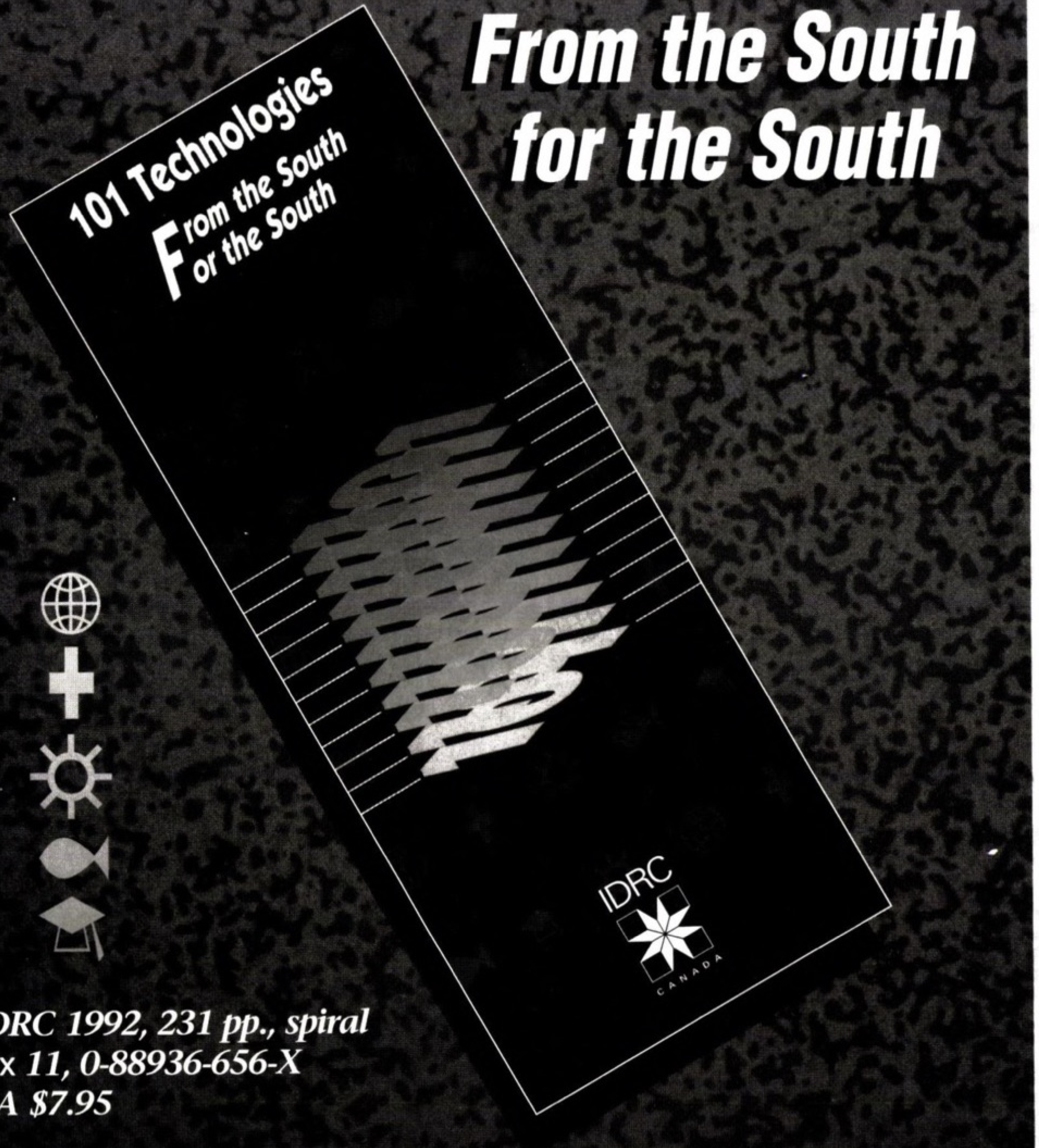

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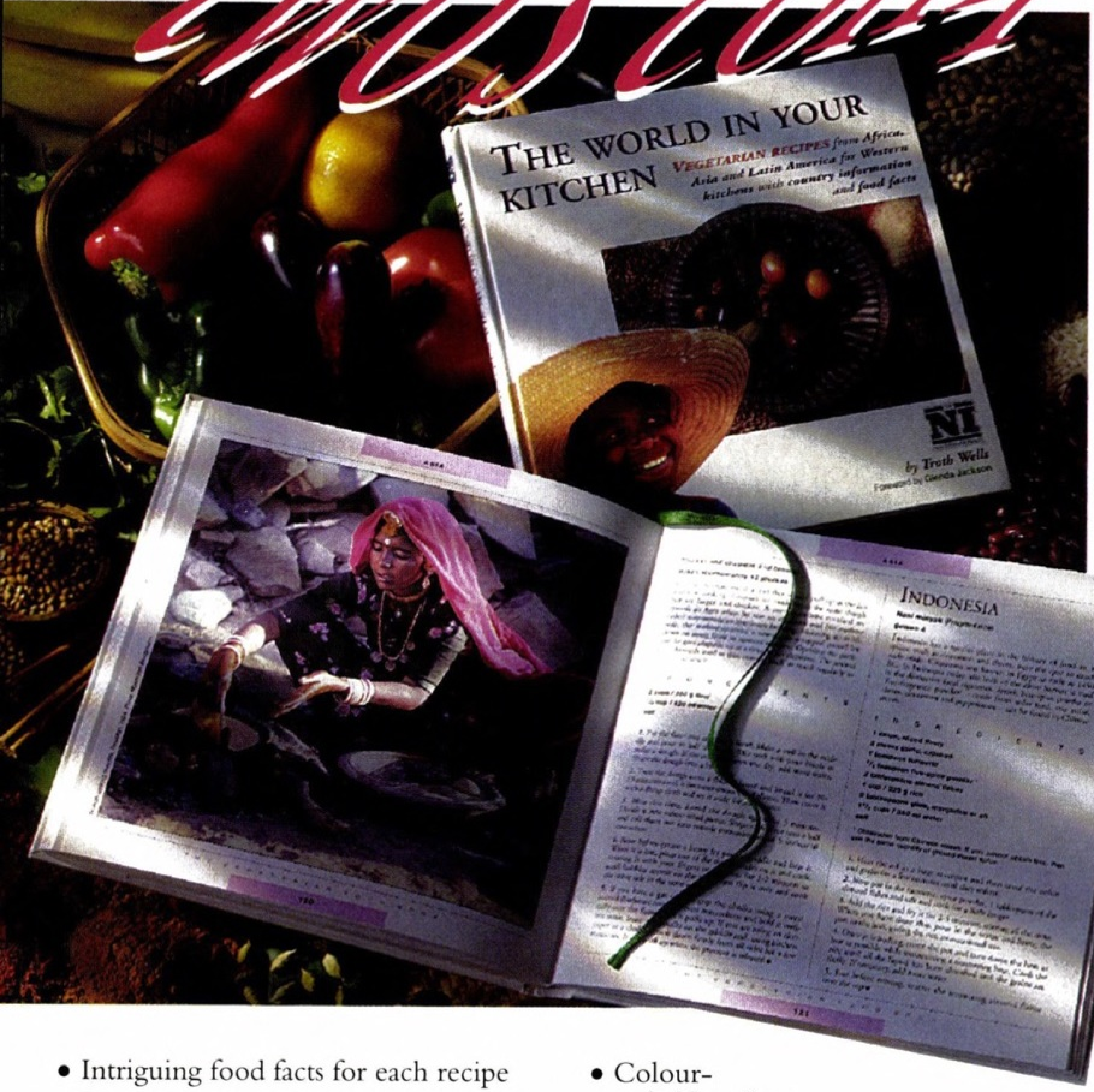
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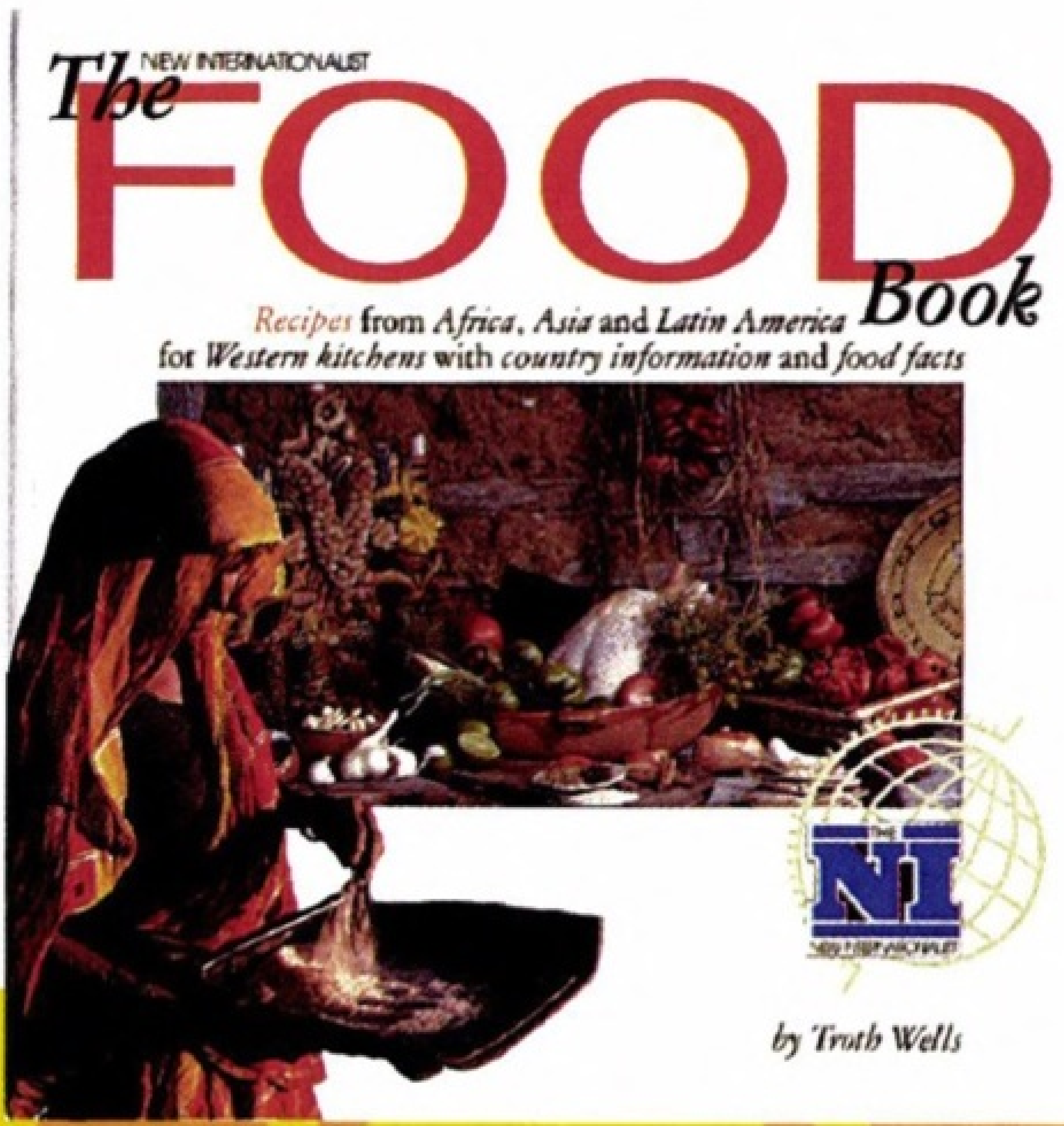
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